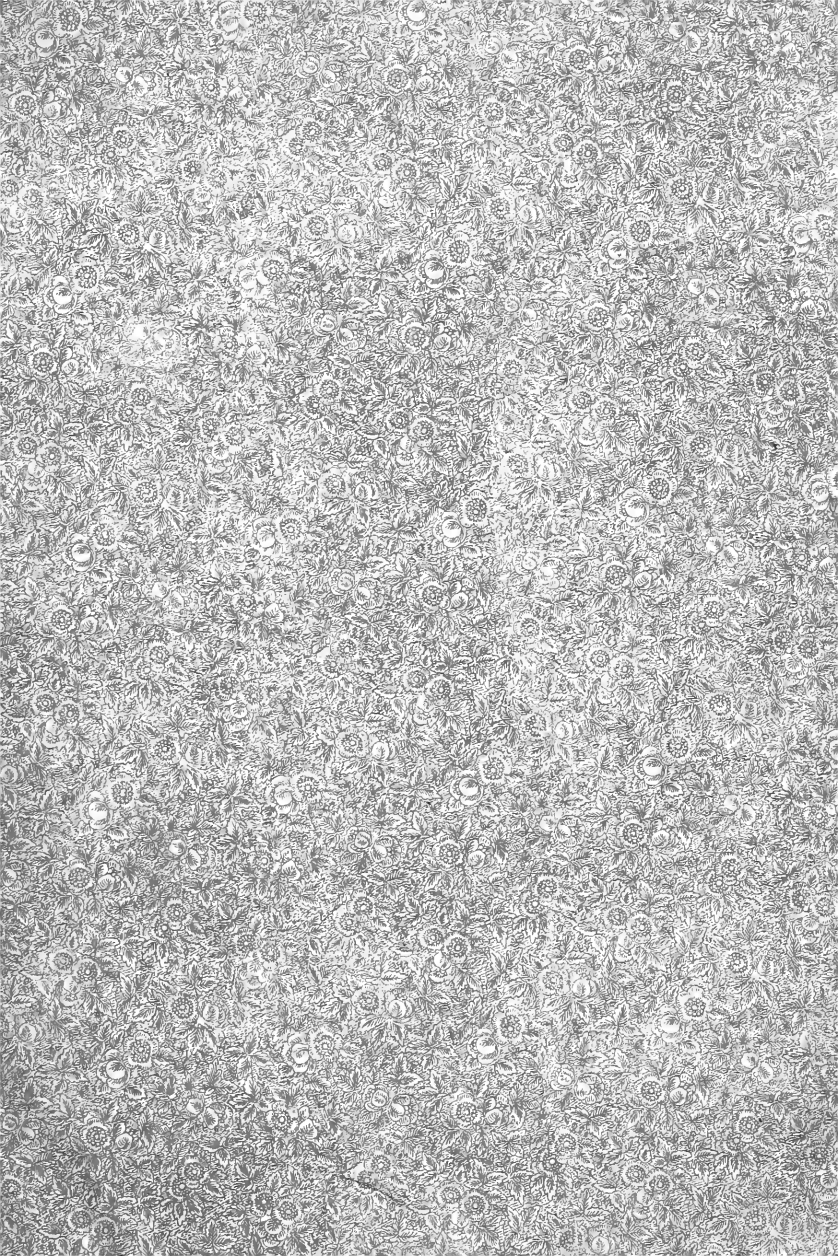


# THE BOMB



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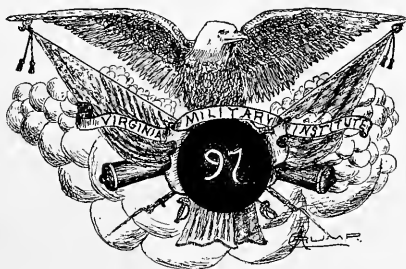
CADET BARRACKS (Front View)

# THE BOMB

PUBLISHED BY THE CADETS OF

## THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA



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THE STONE PRINTING AND MANUFACTURING CO.  
ENGRAVERS, PRINTERS AND BINDERS  
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA



*To the Memory of General Francis H. Smith,*

*the father and founder of*

*The Virginia Military Institute,*

*to the great man whose wise government and fostering care, for fifty years, made the*

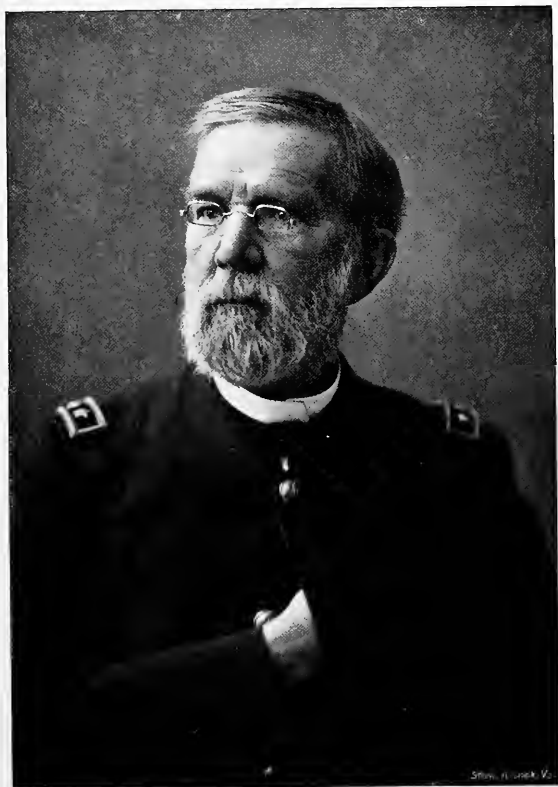
*school the "West Point of the South"; and whose indomitable energy and*

*fertile resource redeemed it from utter ruin after the war, this*

*modest volume is dedicated as a slight token of*

*respect and veneration by*

*The Editors.*



GENERAL FRANCIS H. SMITH.





## EDITORIAL.

WE, the editors, hope that the readers of this small volume will be lenient towards our numerous errors and deficiencies, and make all proper allowances for them. We would forestall a too sweeping criticism of our unpretentious work by briefly stating, that THE BOMB makes no claim to any literary merit or finish. It has been put forth

for the purpose of recalling to the minds of our Alumni the recollections of their cadet life, and of giving them an insight into the present cadet life.

The second and last object we have in view in our publication, is to place before the cadets who are here now a brief transcript of the many small incidents and events that go, in a large measure, to make up cadet life.

It was late in the Academic year when we began work, and, in addition to our inexperience in such work and ignorance of what we had to do, we have been so sorely pressed for time that it has been only with the most strenuous efforts that we have been able to issue an annual at all.

We sincerely regret our inability to offer a more interesting and attractive publication to our friends and patrons.

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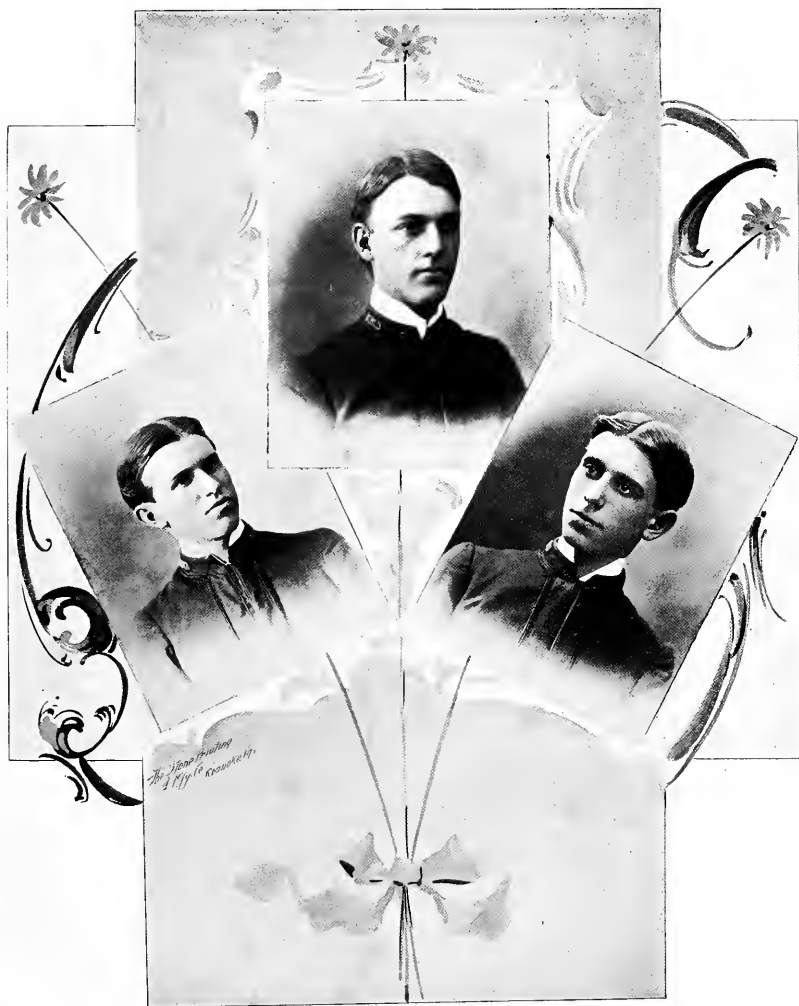
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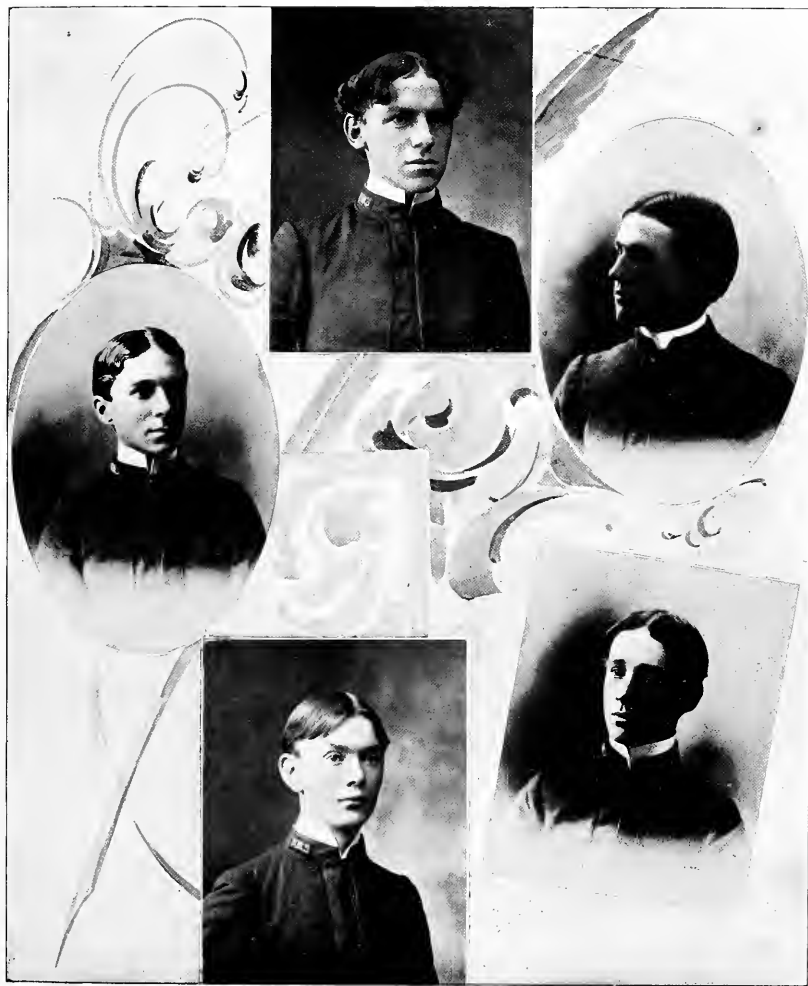


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# THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 11th, 1839

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RED, WHITE, AND ORANGE

## **Institute Yell**

Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Vir-gin-ia !  
Military Institute ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !  
Rah ! Hoo ! Ri ! Rah ! Hoo ! Ri !  
Ri ! Ri ! V. M. I. !



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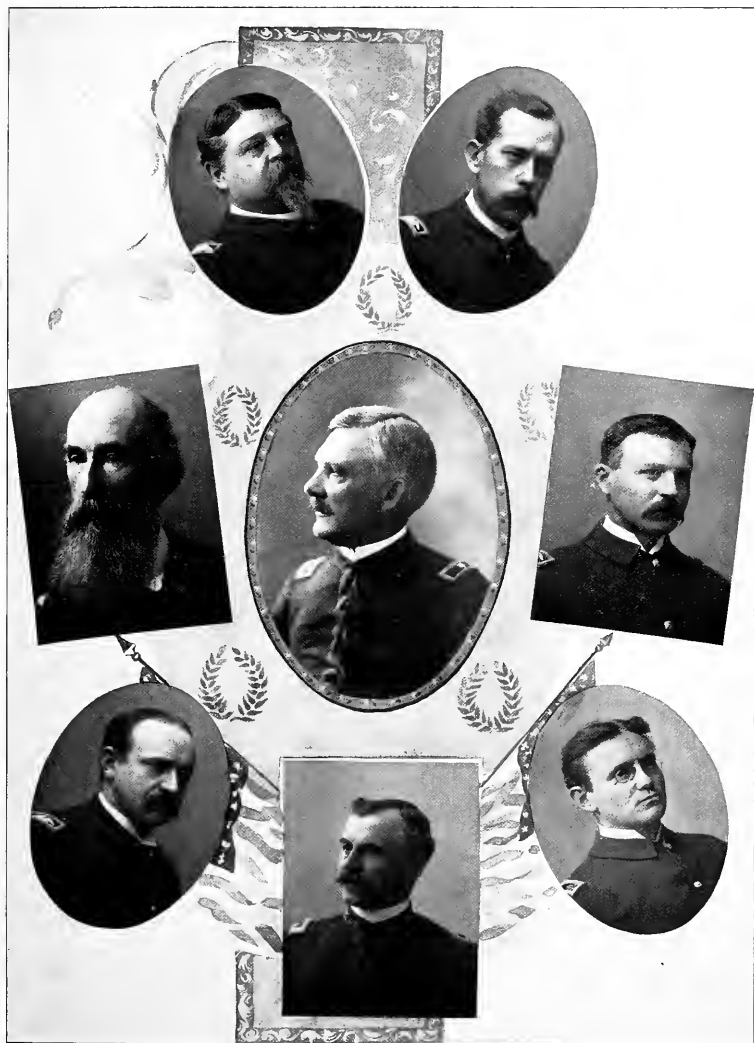
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## Historical Sketch of the Virginia Military Institute

(FROM VIRGINIA STATE DIRECTORY.)



LEXINGTON, the county seat of Rockbridge county, lies upon North River, surrounded by wild and beautiful scenery. It is the seat of the Virginia Military Institute, and also of Washington and Lee University. The remains of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee lie buried here.

The Virginia Military Institute, called the "West Point of the South," was established under an act of the General Assembly of Virginia, passed in March, 1839; and the first corps of cadets was mustered into the service of the State on the 9th of November, 1839. Up to that time a company of soldiers had been maintained by the State to garrison the Western Arsenal at Lexington, in which were stored 30,000 muskets and a large quantity of military material. In 1836, J. T. L. Preston, Esq., a citizen of Lexington, for thirty-seven years an honored professor upon the active list, and afterwards Emeritus Professor in the Institute, conceived the idea of substituting for the company of soldiers guarding the arsenal a company of cadets, who, in addition to the duties of an armed guard, should pursue a course of scientific and military studies. This happy conception was consummated by the Act of March, 1839. In May, 1839, the first Board of Visitors met in Lexington. Under wise guidance, in the prosecution of its special ends, the school grew rapidly in popular favor. The Legislature increased its annuity from time to time and appropriated generously to provide new barracks and to equip the institution.

In May, 1864, in the battle of New Market, the cadets distinguished themselves for their bravery, losing one-fifth of their number. On the 11th of June, 1864, the barracks, mess hall, officers' quarters, the library containing





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some 10,000 volumes, and all the apparatus and instruments of the various departments of the school, were burned by order of General David Hunter, commanding the United States Army, at that time operating in the Valley of Virginia.

In October, 1865, after the close of the war, the Institute was reopened, and entered upon an era of unprecedented prosperity. The course of instruction was enlarged and extended, and appliances of instruction were provided in the departments of chemistry, physics, geology, mineralogy, engineering, drawing and surveying.

In all the professions and vocations of life the men trained at Virginia Military Institute have won for themselves honorable distinction. The illustrious record of services rendered by her sons during the Civil War has established the reputation of the Virginia Military Institute upon an enduring foundation—has blazoned her name on the scroll of Fame.


Upon the roll of her academic staff are to be found the names of Stonewall Jackson, Matthew F. Maury, Crutchfield, Gilliam, Massie, Madison, Blair, Washington, Williamson, Lee, Preston, and Francis Smith.

Her matriculates number 4,517, of whom 1,546 have become full graduates.



## The Volck Statuette.

"And he rode—that grand Virginian,  
Last of all the Cavaliers."




THOSE who enter the library of the Virginia Military Institute can scarcely fail to be struck by what may be termed its central point of interest—the equestrian statuette of General Lee. Such is the effect produced by this fine creation in bronze that the beholder feels more inclined to characterize it as Statue than Statuette, not only because its dimensions rather forbid the idea of something in miniature, but because it has a personality so spirited, so *vraisemblant*, that it lifts it out of the little into the great. In short, it is Robert E. Lee as those who knew him saw him. Apart from this value of its likeness it is a work of art. And the artist?—Frederick Volck, of Nuremberg, Bavaria. He was employed in the Confederate Bureau of Naval Ordnance and Hydrography, while Captain John M. Brooke, the designer of the plan applied to the conversion of the famous Merrimac (or Virginia), was in charge.

Being a man of high tone and great delicacy of feeling, he and the eminent Brooke became fast friends. He made a bust of Captain Brooke and also of Jefferson Davis. That of Captain Brooke is supposed to have been destroyed when the Federal troops occupied Richmond. The fate of the President's, of which a photograph is here reproduced, is not known.

The following note points to the fact that there had been some arrangement on foot for the erection of a statue of General Lee :

"RICHMOND, August 2d, 1864.

"DEAR CAPTAIN:



"At Volck's request I enclose you a photograph of his design of the statue. V. is anxious to have a free criticism, and I will be under obligations to you if you will let me have yours in writing at a very early day, as I want to communicate with him as soon as I hear from you.

"Yours truly,

"Commander Brooke, C. S. Navy."

"S. BASSETT FRENCH."

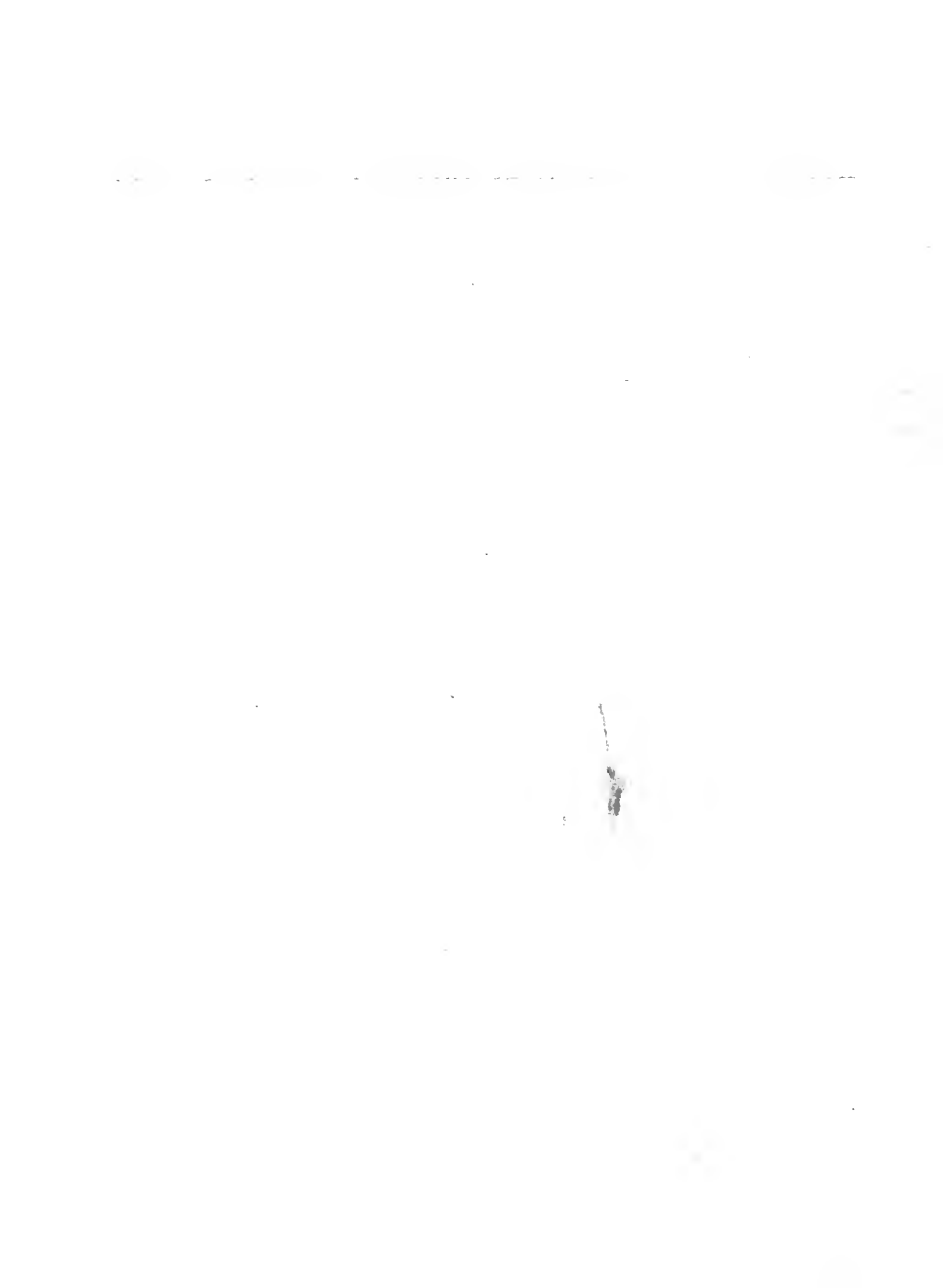
But the close of the war and the breaking up of the Confederacy prevented his receiving the expected order for a statue of heroic size, to his great discouragement and disappointment, for he had spent everything he had in making and working up his models. He did not live to enter the competition for the statue afterwards raised in Richmond by the Southern people to the "Last of all the Cavaliers," and so this perfected design—perfected by means of sittings and a life mask secured to him through the kind offices of Captain Brooke, and by actual measurements of "Old Traveller"—dignifies the Institute library today, placed there because of Volck's regard for the Institute's Professor of Physics.

R. A. MARR.



VOLCK'S STATUETTE OF LEE.  
(IN THE LIBRARY OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.)

"He rode—that Grand Virginian,  
Last of all the Cavaliers"



## Staged a Mob's Vengeance.

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IN the winter of 1860-61 the majority of the students at the Virginia Military Institute were secessionists, while the people of the town were almost unanimously for the Union. One day two of the students came back to the Institute much worsted in a fight with the villagers, and the whole school resolved on vengeance. Seizing their guns, a large number of the boys started toward the town. On their way they had to pass Professor Jackson's house, and he came out just in time to intercept them. Jackson stepped on a horse block in front of his house, and just as the foremost of the students came abreast of him he called out in his most commanding tone: "Halt! front face!"

Almost instinctively they obeyed, and after waiting for the stragglers to come up, he said, in his mildest tone: "Well, young gentlemen, where are you going?" One of the men explained, in a very excited way, that two of the "boys" had been maltreated by the villagers, and they were determined on revenge.

"Well," said the professor, "that may all be very well, but whom have you for a leader? You can't go on an expedition without a leader."

They had not thought of that, they said.

"Well, suppose I lead you," said Professor Jackson.

Nothing would suit them better.

"All right," said the professor, "but before we start we must get a little better organization."

To that end he marched and counter-marched them, wheeled them up and down the road, and, in short, carried them through all the evolutions necessary for his purpose, which was to cool them off. That being accomplished, he halted them before the horse block, and, having lectured them, he wound up by advising them to go back to school and be good boys. And this they did, after giving three cheers for Professor Jackson.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

## **The Corps in Richmond.**

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TO go, or not to go, was the question anxiously debated first by the Board of Visitors, then by our alumni in Richmond and finally by ourselves, in solemn conclave assembled full many a time and oft. But long before the powers that be had agreed in their august minds as to what was right and expedient in the matter of the corps' attending "the reunion," we of the grey coatee, with a singular unanimity of opinion and a mental alertness not often displayed in the classroom, had solved the knotty problem and decided that out of respect for the memory of Jefferson Davis, for the good of the Institute and the private delectation of our rural friends from Blacksburg, the corps should undoubtedly be allowed to attend the reunion of Confederate veterans and the ceremonies of the laying of the cornerstone of a monument to the one time President of the Confederate States of America, and, incidentally, that the above-mentioned corps should be on hand to participate in any festivities attendant upon so momentous an occasion. But, unfortunately, those in authority seemed painfully obtuse in seeing the matter in this light, and required long and careful consideration before reaching the conclusion which our keen intellects had attained so readily. But to spare you, O, unwary reader, a tedious discussion, the question was finally decided in the affirmative by all parties concerned and the welcome decision announced in an order from headquarters.

The Richmond alumni and friends of the Institute had been untiring in their exertions for us, and it is mainly owing to these that one fine morning in the latter part of June our special pulled out of Lexington and a few hours later into Richmond.

The battalion was met at the station by Company "B" of "The Blues," which did the honors and courteously escorted us to our white city on the campus of the Richmond College. The friends of the old school, too, were out to receive her representatives, so that between the inspiring strains of old Dixie and the still more inspiring presence of the fair ones who wore



the Institute tri-color, there were few of us in ranks, as we marched up Franklin, that did not think that life was really worth living, and that Richmond was the place in which to live it.

After confinement in the hot cars, the long, cool rows of canvas under the old trees guarding Richmond College were indeed inviting, and after dress parade we betook our travel-stained selves to sweet repose—which lasted until the baggage had arrived, and we could make ourselves more presentable elsewhere—after which arrival the luckless sentinels were left to enjoy the full beauty of the moonlit scene, undisturbed by any save the corporal of the guard. Camp soon emptied itself, and the boys who had been for ten months shut off from the world by barrack walls, were soon making the best use or probably the worst, according to the way you may look at such things, of their newly acquired freedom, and seemed determined to declare to all concerned that they were very much in town—which thing was done with a noble disregard of the maledictions of such as enjoyed deep slumber in the wee sma' hours.

And thus runs the tale: Guard mounting, dress parade, an occasional review before Governor O'Ferrall and Staff, then the city by gaslight, or perhaps a dance, or better still—to those who enjoy such things—a *tete-a-tete* in some dim, secluded spot.

When the day for the ceremony, with its miles of troops and all-day march arrived, to the corps is assigned the honor of leading the procession, which, after riding through the streets of the city, is to assemble in Monroe park to honor the great Southern statesman. From the park we march to our last "D. P.," for on the following day the class of '96 graduates, the final order appointing the officers who are to rule in their stead is published and the corps is dismissed. Once more all are at liberty to doff the grey and don the long-forbidden attire of the citizen, but it is with a queer feeling that the newly-made graduate casts aside the friend that for four years has certainly stuck closer than a brother.

So ends this chapter in the V. M. I. life-history, and an eventful, long-to-be-remembered one it is in that somewhat unique volume. In recalling Richmond and the many incidents which have made it the Mecca of all good fellows who wear the grey uniform, one memorable night is resplendent with happy memories and is sure to figure in the narratives of those composing the little knot of first-classmen stretched around the guard tree swapping opinions. The night referred to is no other than that of the hop given the

corps by the girls of Richmond. How could they but recall it?—for a prettier bevy of womankind no one of them shall ever see—unless, perchance, they are lucky enough to get to Richmond on some future occasion and their former hostesses good enough to repeat their charming hospitality.

Cap in hand, the cadet would render his devoted homage to the Richmond girl. Were it not against the regulations he would drink to her good health. On second thought, he will do both; so, "Here's to the belles of Richmond!"

R. S. S., '96.





# THE DAUGHTER OF HIS RIGHT HAND

IT seemed to me the very hottest Summer I had ever spent in Virginia, long to be remembered for its dust and drought and scarcity. The usually beneficent season came to us uncrowned and empty handed—empty handed did I say? there were apples. Now I had always maintained that, in Eve's place, I would have done as Eve did. An irresistible temptation lurked for me within a juicy apple's rind. Still, apples raw, apples cooked, apples morn, noon and night ceased to comfort—indeed they eclipsed the weariness born of “tousjours perdrix.” Thus it was that

on a scorching August morning, following a custom of our quiet little village I was looking with a housewife's anxious eye for a country wagon.

Everything repeated the same story : a ceaseless prayer for rain. Not a breath of air stirred the maples that shaded the long avenue ; the hills that showed between their thirsty leafage, the more distant mountains that rimmed in our entire horizon burnt fiercely blue, and the dazzling sky burnt into the sight with its merciless depth of azure. The parade ground which should have been a fair, green expanse was a blinding stretch of dusty parched grass. The stillness was intense and the outdoor heat seemed to thrust fiery darts into my face and I turned to seek the shaded stupefying atmosphere within. At that moment a dull rumble caught my ear and I saw the object of my hopes, a heavy farm wagon, turn the corner of barracks.

Awaiting the ending of its tour before my own house, I stepped further within the shadow of my honeysuckle and let my gaze follow the countryman from dwelling to dwelling. They were quaint old houses with their towers and battlements and diamond-paned windows, looking toward the fair slopes and spurs of the encircling Blue Ridge. They seemed far removed from the struggle of modern existence. Theirs was rather a hint of historic, old world peace. If gifted with speech they could tell their tale of sack and flame, and the stateliest of them all, and the castle-like walls of barracks still showed the imprint of war's red hand—scars that the kindly years had mellowed out of a defacement into an adornment, a rosy red flush as of the trees in autumn, or the sky at eventide.

They looked now as if a spell of sleep had been cast upon them, but the driver of the wagon soon awaked them and the young people of the households swarmed out after him in a fashion which stimulated my interest, nay it even aroused my impatience which he apparently divined, for he whipped up his horses and presently, with no little clatter and bustling, drew rein before the porch. There was an indescribable friendliness and amiability in his greeting as he clambered down from his seat and I became aware that somehow without my having any say in the matter he considered me an acquaintance of long standing. Yet I had never seen the man before. My experience with hucksters of all the country around had been by no means limited, either. A first glance declared him just like any one of them. A first glance but not the second. As I said to myself afterwards he was a study in yellow. His lank, stoop-shouldered frame, over six feet in height, was surmounted by a lean face which wind and sun and weather had

brought into kinship of color with the reddish yellow of his native soil. His hair and beard, it must be admitted, deserved the term carrotty. His clothes had worn out of their original brownish hue into rust color. But there was about him an air of gentility and true dignity not always inseparable from his class, and his eyes removed him at once out of the commonplace. They were not only fine in shade but luminous as though he looked into the very face of Hope.

"You see I wanted all of you all to git some," he said, throwing his hat upon the porch floor and setting beside it a battered old measure, "I saved yours for you and the Colonel—peaches, you know."

"Peaches!" I exclaimed, incredulously, "I can't believe my ears."

"Maybe, then, you'll believe your eyes." He strode down to the rear of his wagon, and taking thence a large country-made basket offered its contents for my approval. But that was slow to give itself voice. The peaches I had in memory might have tempted a fasting saint, these in view were plain little specimens, pallid and freckled, or rosy to an exceedingly moderate degree, and he saw my disappointment for he said, "Them ain't my brag peaches." What an odd voice! His tones fixed my attention also; he slurred softly, almost drowsily over the first words of his sentences and rose unexpectedly with the concluding ones into a high, half shrill clearness which, while it certainly was peculiar, was not unpleasant. Just now its effect was apologetic and persuasive.

"Them ain't my brag peaches," he repeated, "but I never remember but one other such year in this county. Even in Wirtz' orchard, where they've got fruit trees by the thousand, they gathered one bushel of peaches this season. My place is nigh onto the ridge, the best fruit section around. Last year I sold three thousand bushels; at sun-up this morning I gathered two bushels and a half, every living one on my trees."

Despite my silent observations, I was at last giving an attention to his wares that evidently came up to his first expectations. The homely, freckled things, which turned out to be sweet "old-field" peaches, such as our grandmothers served with sugar and cream, tumbled into the tin pan brought out to receive them, and I found myself embarked in a discussion of the eight weeks' drought.

"Well," he said, shaking his head, "if it don't let up mighty soon I don't know whar we'll be: gardens dryin' up, water powerful low—yes'm, once befo' I saw a summer as bad as this, and we didn't have one drap of

rain from June to October, and ev'ry time you put yo' foot down on this here parade ground the grass crumbled right to dust, and in them days that grass and my feet met mighty often, for I used to trade with all the folks up here on the hill. I was mighty well acquainted up here. Colonel Castle now, I brought him all his truck. Know Colonel Castle? Commandant here, then? Well, General Carter, you knew him? Didn't know General Carter?"

Up to this time he had rambled on as if perfectly sure of my sympathy and understanding, of my knowledge of him and all pertaining thereto. Now he looked bewildered, and a look came into his eyes which thrilled me with pity tinged with a vague uneasiness.

"And Colonel Sailor, didn't you know him either?" he asked, and he glanced almost beseechingly in my face. "Why him and me went to school together, and I call him Tom to this day. But that's so, you all belong to the new people. Lord! how things is changed."

To me a hurt sentiment—a wounded feeling—is worse than bodily injury. "We were the new people, but we are getting old very fast; we know a great deal about the whole town and country round. This is our home now, you know, and we love it."

As if by magic the gloom and confusion passed out of the man's eyes and they rested upon me like a benediction. My half formed fear, if fear it may be called, vanished like the mists from our mountains. No one but him could take the pan of fruit indoors, and he became doubly garrulous on the way out, while I manœvered a little; for a story out of life itself always held an especial charm for me, and here was one, I suspected. So presently he sat upon the topmost step with various piles of halves, quarters, and ten-cent pieces ranged on the floor at his left elbow, flanked by a ten-dollar bill.

"That's the very thing Mrs. Colonel Sailor used to tell me," he said. "Housekeepers can't never keep in change, sez she, and my Benjamina 'll be delighted to see this bill stid er so much change. Better to put away, you know; you see I'm savin' up to get Benjamina a new piano, because she can just make the iv'ries talk—four, four-fifty, five, six. She can sing, too, and paint. Fact is, I sent her to the very best schools. I made up my mind she shouldn't have no half eddication like me, so she's got her mind full of things I never even heard tell of, but she's got plenty of room in her heart for her old father jus' the same, God bless her."

He was silent for a brief space, looking far off up over the tops of the young maples, up over the hills between and into the cloudless sky beyond. But soon he turned back to the money whose reckoning was made so long for him.

"Seven-fifty, eight," he began, with such a business-like air that I returned to my plan of campaign with the question, "And is Benjamina all you have?"

The shadow came into his eyes again and again vanished out of them as he answered, cheerfully enough: "Oh, I've got Trypheny and Tryphosy and they is a host in themselves, as the preacher says." He paused to put another silver piece in one of his piles, and then added, "Besides, they is full of notions not common to most folks. They is my two twin sisters, you know, and it's comical about them, too, nobody but their own kin can tell them apart, and not even them, always." He smothered a laugh in his beard and then went on. "Mrs. General Carter now, she always said Trypheny was Tryphosy, and Tryphosy was Trypheny, and often as Mrs. Colonel Sailor used to drive out thar for eggs she was just as bad. Why, don't you know their own beaux weren't one bit better."

"Gracious!" I exclaimed.

"Fact; they was as much alike as two peas"—he leaned back in the shade against a pillar, and I—I nearly forgot all about the heat—"as fine figgers of women they was as you'd care to see, and my, how the beaux flocked around 'em, and how they did delight in tormentin' 'em. Trypheny she wo' blue ribbins and Tryphosy wo' pink, and whenever times was a little dull they'd change, so the beaux that coted Trypheny one day was swarin' all sorts of things to Tryphosy the next, and them that had made love to her sister befo' was wild after her then. Then how they'd enjoy it all when they showed the young men how they'd been fooled. Lord, them was times. People don't laugh like that now-a-days. Not much chance for the beaux? No'm, though thar was one exception. Tom Wilkins had been in love with Trypheny ever since they went to school together, and swo' he was the only man in Virginia what could tell her from her sister. Cert'ny she tried him time and again and he never made a mistake. I have wondered since if it was luck or what. Sometimes I kinder 'spicion Tryphosy helped him not to take her for her sister. Anyhow, he never was caught. So at last Trypheny named the day and they begun to git ready for the weddin'. Such a trottin' into town, such confabulations with the best sewin'

woman and the neighbors, for they was goin' to have big times. Tryphosy was to be first bridesmaid, and her dress and the bride's must be alike, ruffle for ruffle and tuck for tuck, white ribbins and all. Trypheny wouldn't have it no other way; because, she said, it was for the last time. Well, the time come. Everybody was thar and the old house was runnin' over with people. I was standin' by the groom waitin' for the bride and the bridesmaids and the door opened and thar, with all the other young girls 'round 'em, stood Trypheny and Tryphosy, and as I hope to stand in the Judgment Day, which was which was even mor'n I could say, and me their own brother, too.

"The cold chills run over me till you could have skated down my backbone. I looked at Tom. He was as white as a corpse, but he flung his head back and walked forward like a man, straight up to—Tryphosy. The next thing I knew Trypheny she drapped right down like she was shot. But Tom caught her up with such a cry as I never heard befo' in all my born days. Then there was a great commotion 'mongst the ladies, but presently Trypheny came to her senses, and jus' to' herself out of Tom's arms. 'It cannot be,' she says, says she, 'the Lord don't mean it to be. Leave me—leave me,' and he beggin' and prayin' jus' to try him once mo'. But she persisted in a queer, solemn way, and at last jus' turned and swept away like a queen, sir, and Tom he to' out of that house without a word to a human and rode off like mad."

He paused, stroked his beard absently, and again addressed himself to his task of reckoning while I asked: "And where did Tom ride?"

He counted slowly "eight-fifty, nine dollars, ten," then he answered, "Well, he said he was goin' to a place the ladies don't hear much of and never will see, a place considerably warmer than this here; but he didn't, unless, hopin' you'll excuse me for sayin' it, he found it out West. He wrote to Trypheny once—so Tryphosy told me—to beg her to try him ag'in, but she never answered his letter and he ain't never set foot in this county since. I have heard tell that he married a squaw out thar, and then ag'in that he was powerful rich and not married at all, but I do know that Trypheny never lets his name pass her lips."

He drew a worn purse from his pocket, tucked carefully therein the ten-dollar bill, rose, gathered up the piles of change and handed them to me as I hastened to ask, "And did neither of the twins ever marry?"

"Never did and never will," came the emphatic answer. "For a whole year Trypheny shut herself up, and for a whole year not one soul



ever saw her face but Tryphosy, and a great change came over both of them two twins. They had made up their minds between them that the Lord never intended that weddin'; that He intended them to live for Him in single blessedness apart from the world. They bought a good parcel of ground from me and built a house to live in accordin' to their own notions. The year they shut themselves up they laid aside every spec' of finery they'd ever worn, and every laugh they'd ever laughed—not that they is gloomy; they has a shinin' in the eyes kinder 'mild and beneficent' as the preacher says, and the preacher sets heap a sto' by 'em. So does my Benjamina. First thing every mornin' after she kisses me she runs through the garden gate to kiss the two twins and make the day go right, as she says. They be great hands at flowers and yarbs; why they sends wreaths and bokays to all the funerals 'round and give the teas they makes to anybody, white or black, what needs 'em; first rate cooks, too, and always sendin' the nicest kinds of things to sick folks. Then they make butter and raise bees and chickens and has a nice orchard, and what with fowls and eggs and honey and fruit they gathers in a right good little income. But land o' Canaan! not one quarter of that money is spent on theirselves. It goes to the po' and the church. Not that they ever go to preachin' because they never do, but the preacher comes to them. They have a heap of religious discipline all to theirselves. It's a comfort to think of such examples befo' Benjamina."

He drew out a large, old-fashioned watch, and as he turned a deliberate gaze upon its face into his own came an expression of profound astonishment. "Scots," he cried, "I hadn't an idee it was so late. Benjamina won't know what has become of me."

He gathered up his basket and hat as he thus concluded and stalked down the steps, but turned at the bottom with "Good day, ma'am, Benjamina 'll be proud to see you if you ride out our way any time." Then he climbed into his wagon and drove out of sight in a cloud of dust.

An incident had suddenly arisen out of the stagnation of the day. An incident interesting if you will, for just as all mankind loves a lover, so is it amused by a character—amused and often touched also as I was now. There was something in his history more peculiar yet than what I had already learned. Of that I felt sure, and learn it I did.

\* \* \* \*

He is well known to all the old inhabitants of our tranquil town and considers that "the hill" is especially under his wing because his father

gave barracks its first coat of stucco. There are years when he haunts our neighborhood, others when he seems to forget its existence entirely. His name is Jack McMurtan, and he is of Scotch-Irish stock. Ever since the town started his people have been known for their respectability, their thrift, and good sense. Of this last I was told that he had rather more than his share, with more sentiment than is usually found among his sort. He marched away with the "Liberty Hall Volunteers," and came through the battles of Manassas, Winchester, Malvern Hill, Harper's Ferry, and many other little scrimmages without a scratch, but he got a wound in the head at Gettysburg that nearly ended him then and there. He recovered, however,—that is, to an extent, for ever since he has lived in a twilight land, where shadows and reality blend most strangely. He cannot bear any reference to the war, and he has laid aside his old Confederate gray to be buried in. The story of his "Two Twin Sisters" was just as he told it, only odder. Their faces are said to be pictures of peace—their lives a blessing to all around them. To him I should think they had played the part of earthly Providence. They are tremendously busy all the time, especially with their flowers—they are very successful with flowers and have them in every nook and corner of their queer little house, whose parlor is quite a curiosity. Through little boys whom they regularly employ they have collected numbers of bird's eggs, and these eggs are festooned from the ceiling in a deep variegated fringe. Besides, they are arranged about the room in nests, set in lichenized branches, and against and on the walls, mosses and lichens are grouped. There are pressed autumn leaves and flowers and ferns, in frames made of acorns, and from frame to frame all around the room climbs house ivy in profusion, and the window seats are one mass of blooms. Description cannot present a true picture of it, for far from being incongruous it is very harmonious in its way. Their brother lives next door in the old McMurtan house *all alone*.

All alone! but Benjamin?

There is no Benjamin. Crack the wonderful clear mirror of the human mind and it gives back strange reflections. I knew one poor fellow who fled from every rooster because he fancied himself a grain of corn; another who shrieked out at any near approach because he thought himself of glass.

McMurtan's illusion stands apart in this; it has kept him free from all vulgar and evil living, and should make him sacred—especially as it had its origin in that madness common to us all—Love. When McMurtan marched

away to war he left a pretty, young wife. He heard of her death an hour before he was wounded. It was a great blow, for, to use the words of the sweet old neighbor of his who told me this, "he didn't think the sun was good enough to shine on his Rachel." When he recovered, or rather partly recovered, from his wound, he was full of the idea that she had left him a daughter. He named the supposed child *Benjamin*, because, he said, Jacob's Rachel died when Benjamin was born, and his Rachel's child would become the daughter of his right hand. He wrote to his sisters to care for this mythical baby until he could get home, and when he did return he went into ecstasies of grief, pride, and joy, pitiful to behold—just like a real father over a real child. His sisters keep up the sad mummerly bravely and most tenderly. For years he has gone through the play, act by act; the mythical baby had mythical nurses, and illnesses and escapes from all the perils that beset babyhood. He showered all sorts of gifts upon her, for he is a well-to-do man, you know. Every day he held a consultation with the twin sisters about *Benjamin*, and when she was supposed to be old enough, with much form and ceremony their pastor—they are old-time Presbyterians—was prevailed upon to teach her. At imaginary fourteen she was sent to boarding school, and for two years, except in vacation, he was the picture of woe. All this time those good sisters of his had cared for his personal wants and his house, but he seemed perfectly unconscious of it, and they always agreed with him about *Benjamin*'s neat ways and fine housekeeping, and attributed all his comfort to her. He is a shrewd manager, a good farmer; his place is well kept up and his house well furnished. He has one piano which he says *Benjamin* has worn out practicing upon, so he is now looking for another. *Benjamin* reached her sixteenth year and came home. She never grows any older, and he follows, as though after a flesh and blood reality, from room to room of his big, empty house, talking fond talk, telling the few events of his life, planning for her future and gravely asking her opinion upon all subjects relating to their common interest. At every meal a place is set for her at the head of the table. Every morning he walks in the garden among his old-fashioned flowers as though she were actually beside him.

Every evening he sits close to the piano in the dusk of his parlor, and when his sisters come to find him he never fails to raise his hand and say, "Hush, she is playing for me,"

JANEY HOPE MARR.





BATTALION OF CADETS IN COLUMN BY COMPANY





LIKE the Roman matron, when asked to show her jewels, the V. M. I. points to her sons. and by them she is judged in the eyes of the world—they are the fruits of her tuition and by them the value of her educational system for men is gauged. Has the V. M. I. justified her creation and existence in the history of her Alumni? If it is true that what pertains to the *finished* past, can alone be called History, then without a suspicion of egotism, we may speak for the Alumni with unrestrained pride and enthusiasm.

In the lurid conflagration of war, when small things shrivelled and sought their hiding places, the V. M. I. arose in all the sublimity of grandeur, glorious, when her turretted walls were overhung by the clouds of battle, and re-echoed the rattle of musketry, and were shaken by the reverberation of artillery, and the waves of conflict surged around their base. When they crumbled and yielded to merciless fire, over their charred ruins brooded no black pall of death, with the epitaph, "*It is finished*"; but, reflected on the clouds was the luminous promise of a glorious resurrection and an immortality of fame. General Francis H. Smith, dear to the heart of every old Alumnus, was the reconditor, as well as the conditor of the V. M. I., its Augustus as well as its Romulus. In 1839 he called it into being, and in 1865 he again breathed into it the Promethean fire of life—it was his work in life, in death, his monument, and his name is inwrought and his memory is enshrined in every part of it. Never did king, prince, potentate,





The feature of this Commencement will be the dedication of the Memorial Hall to Stonewall Jackson, when John W. Daniel, perhaps the world's greatest orator, will speak. Hunter McGuire, the distinguished Virginia surgeon, who attended Jackson when wounded, will speak, perhaps on his wounds and death; and Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith, of Jackson's personal staff, will speak on his religious character. The V. M. I. invites her sons to come and unite in this inspiring and glorious hour of hero-worship, and she desires you to renew your cadet life by coming on Tuesday evening and going into quarters either in barracks or camp, and take your meals (cadet fare) at the mess hall—she desires you to be her guest for the occasion. Bring your blanket with you. Please extend this invitation to every Alumnus in your reach, as some may be missed by reason of defects in the mailing list.

We have assurance that Lexington will be made a summer excursion point, and round-trip tickets be sold thereto for one and one-third fare from all points. Aid us by going, on receipt of this, to your depot agent and ask if it has been done; and if not, see that he writes directly to his railroad officials about it.

We would also ask your co-operation in making Alumni Day, 1897, a great success in this way: Immediately on receipt of this, write to your classmates and arrange a Class Reunion—urge them to work it up, and meet you here.

This movement is set on foot to bring about stated fraternal gatherings among us, to afford pleasant return trips to the V. M. I. during the interesting Commencement occasions, to renew for a season the old cadet life and associations, to make the bonds between the V. M. I. and her sons stronger and continuous, and to focus their interest and enthusiasm in her growth and prosperity.

Drop us a postal, saying you can come, and *will* come, not only for Auld Lang Syne, but to do honor and pay *your* tribute to the memory and fame of Stonewall Jackson.

Yours in V. M. I. bonds,

GREENLEE D. LETCHER,	Chairman, Lexington, Va.
E. W. NICHOLS,	B. B. MORGAN,
E. M. PENDLETON,	W. T. SHIELDS,
N. B. TUCKER,	I. H. SAUNDERS,
	Committee.

Partial Commencement Programme, 1897:

Tuesday, June 22d, 10 p. m.—German.

Wednesday, June 23d—Alumni Day. (Programme supra.)

Thursday, June 24th, 11 a. m.—Final Exercises.

“ “ “ “ 10 p. m.—Ball.

N. B.—To all the above you are cordially invited. Your Alumni Badge will be your passport.

## First Honor Jackson-Hope Medal.

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L. H. Strother (Va.) . . . July, 1877	E. B. DuBuisson (La.) . . . July, 1887
T. T. Holloway (Ill.) . . . " 1878	N. B. Tucker (Va.) . . . " 1888
J. H. McCord (Mo.) . . . " 1879	W. N. Hamlet (Va.) . . . " 1889
J. M. Patton (Va.) . . . " 1880	T. H. Taliaferro (Va.) . . . " 1890
A. T. Sloss (Mo.) . . . " 1881	C. B. Slemp (Va.) . . . " 1891
W. F. Dennis (Va.) . . . " 1882	J. R. Thomas (Tenn.) . . . " 1892
R. B. James (Va.) . . . " 1883	J. A. M. Dearing (Va.) . . . " 1893
J. G. Meem, Jr. (Va.) . . . " 1884	W. H. Cocke (Va.) . . . " 1894
G. B. Miller (Va.) . . . " 1885	A. J. Vaughan (Va.) . . . " 1895
G. D. Letcher (Va.) . . . " 1886	R. S. Spilman (Va.) . . . " 1896

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## Second Honor Jackson-Hope Medal.

E. W. Davison (Md.) . . . July, 1877	L. W. Reid (Va.) . . . July, 1887
R. G. Withers (Va.) . . . " 1878	C. P. Fenner (La.) . . . " 1888
A. K. Snyder (Va.) . . . " 1879	F. Mallory (Va.) . . . " 1889
D. H. Pritchett (Va.) . . . " 1880	B. L. Hardin (Va.) . . . " 1890
W. J. Crocker (Va.) . . . " 1881	L. T. Hyatt (Va.) . . . " 1891
D. H. Maury (Va.) . . . " 1882	W. H. Taylor (Va.) . . . " 1892
J. R. Doles (Va.) . . . " 1883	L. W. H. Peyton (Va.) . . . " 1893
W. A. Moncure (Va.) . . . " 1884	C. E. Kilbourne (D. C.) . . . " 1894
J. D. Ward (Va.) . . . " 1885	C. J. Moore (Va.) . . . " 1895
W. Gatewood (Va.) . . . " 1886	E. B. Frain (Ill.) . . . " 1896



VIEW OF LEXINGTON FROM BARRACKS



# A Long Farewell to the U. M. I.

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BY MRS. ARTHUR C. FREEMAN.

---

## I

Softly the lights are glowing  
To the music's rise and fall,  
For the class of Ninety-seven  
Is dancing the "Final Ball."  
For the long four years are over  
With their laurels, hardly won,  
And bright tonight with a fairy light  
Is the ball at Lexington.

## II

It is our last night together  
Ere we pass from the scene away,  
No more shall we bound at the bugle's sound  
Or march in the ranks of the gray.  
When the morrow has come, at the beat of the drum,  
Ties dear to our hearts we must sever,  
And the life of old, like a tale that is told,  
Will be gone, like a dream, forever.

## III

Light is the love of woman,  
Fleeting her fickle vow;  
But time has tried our friendship—  
We can trust each other now.  
We have lived and worked together  
Side by side through the days were we  
Till our silent band sunk in slumber land,  
To wake at the "Reveille."

## THE BOMB.

## IV

\*Two that we loved are missing.  
They have vanished from our side  
In youth's fresh and dewy morning,  
With their armor all untried.  
As comrades they crossed the portals  
That lead to the "Unknown Land,"  
In their suits of gray they passed away;  
And met death hand in hand.

## V

Arthur so young and ardent,  
Had he lived to be with us here  
Would have written his name on the roll of fame  
In colors bright and clear.  
As true a heart as ever beat  
'Neath warrior's coat of mail;  
And gentle as the spotless knight  
That sought the "Holy Grail."

## VI

And now we stand, hand clasped in hand,  
In one unbroken line;  
And sad and low, while tear-drops flow,  
We sing of "Auld Lang Syne."  
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"  
Ah, can the future bring  
Friends warm and true as those we knew  
When life was in its spring!

## VII

Ah, many a time as we still press on  
Along life's beaten track,  
Led by Fancy's hand, with her magic wand,  
In our dreams we will all come back.  
We will stand again on the well-known plain  
When the evening sun is low,  
And think through the trees we can feel the breeze,  
And hear the bugles blow.

\* NOTE.—Cadets Arthur Gatewood, of Norfolk, and Willie Murdaugh, of Portsmouth, lost their lives in an accident on the electric railroad between Norfolk and Ocean View, in August, 1895. They were on their way to a dance, and wore the uniform of the corps.

## VIII

To the future we go, in the golden glow  
Of the dawn of the coming age,  
And to be each one Virginia's son  
Is a noble heritage.  
Now the time draws near for our farewell cheer  
How loud, how clear and high  
It rings through the air as we gather there,  
"Three cheers for the V. M. I.!"

## IX

Oh, stern, yet kindly mother!  
On the world's hard battle-field,  
We will keep the lessons thou hast taught  
And guard thy stainless shield—  
And as long as life's warm river  
Still in our veins shall run  
We will feel our heart-strings quiver  
At the name of "Lexington."



# CLASS OF '97

## Colors

SKY BLUE AND YELLOW.

## Bell

Hullaballoo ! Ku nec ! Ku nec !

Hullaballoo ! Ku nec !

Razzle Dazzle ! Hobble gobble !

Sis ! Boom ! Bi !

Ninety-seven ! Ninety-seven ! V. M. I. !

## Officers

E. L. MCGILL, PRESIDENT

J. C. BAIRD, VALEDICTORIAN

G. P. MARROW, VICE-PRESIDENT

F. PHINIZY, HISTORIAN

## Members

James Catching Baird (Mississippi)

William Wirt Ballard, Jr. (Virginia)

Charles Minor Blackford (Virginia)

John Thompson Brown, Jr. (Virginia)

Howard Bruce (Virginia)

Richard Latimer Dobie (Virginia)

Thomas Miller Fendall (Virginia)

Sidney Foster (Texas)

Arthur Clarico Freeman, Jr. (Virginia)

Alexander Dounan Hamilton (Virginia)

Charles Fauntleroy Harrison (Virginia)

Samuel John Hurt (Virginia)

Thomas Smith Inglesby (South Carolina)

Richard Bilton Lawson, Jr. (Virginia)

Atwell Theron Lincoln (Mississippi)

Peyton Beatti Locker (Virginia)

George Peek Marrow (Virginia)

Elisha Leavenworth McGill (Virginia)

Hugh Byron Miller (Virginia)

Madison Morelle Mills (Virginia)

Taliaferro Milton (Virginia)

John Thompson Morton (Virginia)

Sidney Travers Moore (Virginia)

Ferdinand Phinizy (Georgia)

Le Roy Roper (Virginia)

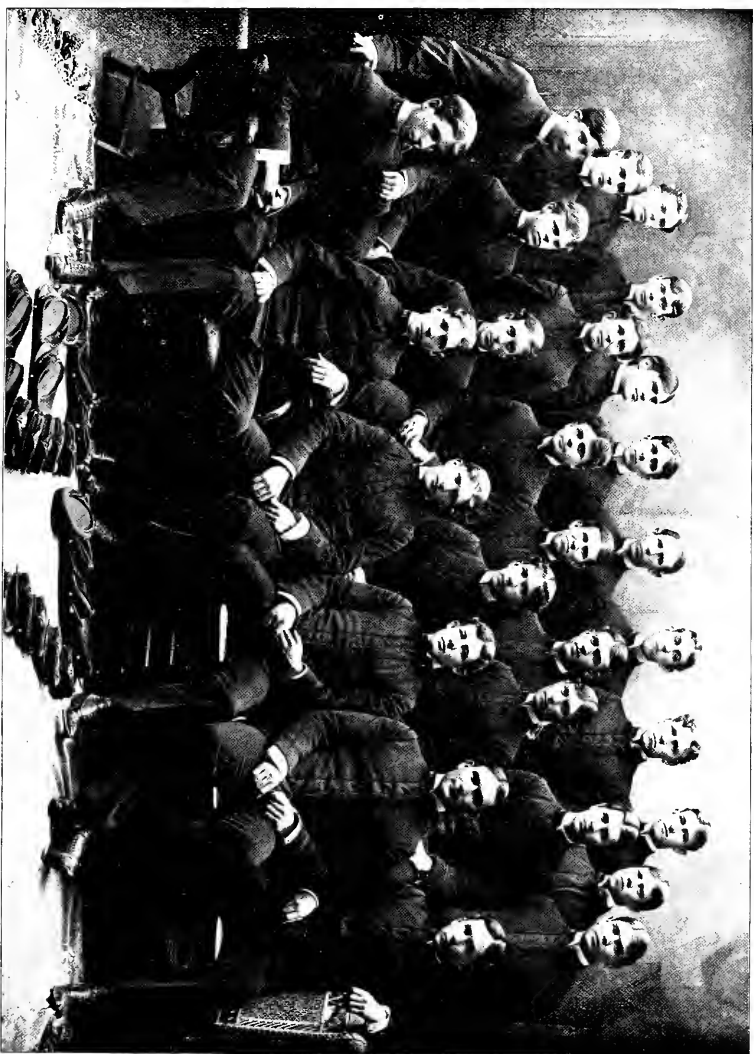
Alexander Fleet Ryland (Virginia)

Arthur Morson Shipp (Virginia)

Malcolm Bell Smith (Virginia)

Hugh Stockdell, Jr. (Virginia)





CLASS OF '97



**'97 Class Table**

NAME	NICKNAME	RECREATION OCCUPIED IN	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	WILL HE AFTER GRADUATION	FAVORITE BEVERAGE
Baird . . .	Jimmie . . .	Going to the Y. M. C. A.	Blankety—blank—blank . . .	Stump speaker . . .	Mint julep
Ballard . . .	Willie . . .	Cussing his luck . . .	Damn the Lexington "cathie" . .	Amateurist . . .	Roman punch
Blackford . .	Sally . . .	Reporting . . .	Hain't any . . .	Staccato . . .	Water
Brown . . .	Bull Pup . .	Trying to play baseball . . .	If you don't believe me, ask Smith	Basswood umpire . . .	Diluted milk
Bruce . . .	Puss . . .	Collecting Ads. . .	Stockdell's head is square . . .	Missionary . . .	Hot water
Dobie . . .	Bull Minnow	Foraging . . .	Durned if I ain't hungry . . .	Shining light (red) . . .	Asbestos
Fendall . . .	Donut . . .	Preaching . . .	Let us all rise and pray . . .	Sheriff of Goose Creek . .	Syrup of figs
Foster . . .	Shoat . . .	Bathing . . .	When I was at Sewanee, etc. . .	Cowboy . . .	Old Crow
Freeman . . .	Geat . . .	Swinging clubs . . .	Let's go to see that girl . . .	Musieum . . .	Claret
Hamilton . . .	Muldoo . . .	Praying . . .	I'll get even with you for that . .	President of United States	Whisky
Harrison . . .	Bull Jaw . .	Talking with a loud voice . . .	Well, now, I don't know but—	Auctioneer . . .	Apollianars
Hart . . .	Bull Nye . .	Singing . . .	Hoat! Hoat! mon, Hoat! . . .	Street car conductor . . .	Manhattan cocktail
Inglesby . . .	Squeer . . .	Studying . . .	The "huk" says so . . .	College professor . . .	Lime water
Lawson . . .	Coon . . .	Calicoing . . .	Not prepared, today, Col. . .	Green goods greener . . .	Bourbon
Lincoln . . .	Skeeter . . .	Copying reports . . .	See it anybody is inspecting . .	Telegraph pole . . .	Ice water
Locker . . .	Fruit . . .	Playing poker . . .	Have you got any fruit? . . .	Keelley cure doctor . . .	Gin
Marow . . .	Bev. . . .	Eating . . .	Give me something to eat . . .	Deck hand . . .	Extra dry
McGill . . .	Uncle Feller	Keeping quiet . . .	Say, fellows, etc. . .	Lunatic . . .	Milk shake
Miller . . .	Sir Hugo . .	Dancing jigs . . .	Take your eyes off'n the ground	Free silver Congressman .	Whisky (straight)
Mills . . .	Stony . . .	Training the goat . . .	I've warned you once . . .	Saloonkeeper . . .	Big Stone Gap moonshine
Milton . . .	Nigger . . .	Whitewashing his face . . .	That man is a fool . . .	Hamilton's office boy . . .	Cactaria
Moore . . .	Dago . . .	Looking mean . . .	Go to h— . . .	Cuban general . . .	Vermouth cocktail
Morton . . .	Bridle . . .	Sleeping . . .	That's not a lie . . .	Mayor of Keystone . . .	Cold tea
Plunizy . . .	Coat . . .	Skimming his face . . .	Petersburg (in a tone of contempt)	A side show attraction . .	Soda water
Roper . . .	Gim . . .	Cleaning up his room . . .	Oh! get away! . . .	Hopeless week . . .	Lemonade
Ryndal . . .	Buzzard . . .	Trying to see straight . . .	I'm not cross-eyed . . .	Fast splitter . . .	Claret punch
Shipp . . .	Butter . . .	Making a nose . . .	"Ain't" up, Le Roy . . .	Pillar in the church . . .	Hot-water tea
Smith . . .	Greyhound .	Playing on flute . . .	Let's go to the Baptist church . .	Zoological curiosity . . .	Beer
Stockdell . .	Square Top .	Curling his hair . . .	My head is not square . . .	Horse doctor . . .	Rum

## History of '97.

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AS the session of 1896-97 is drawing to a close, and as the class of '97 has been at the Institute for four years and has made its mark, mostly 3's, it is nearly time for us to move on. As the day of graduation draws near, and we separate, some of us never to meet again, let us view by means of this short history, the doings and the sayings of the class for the past four years, and if we ever think to read this sketch again in after days, kindly remember that all the deficiencies lie with the writer and not with the subject.

We wonder what the old Institute will do without us. Someone has suggested "do better," but he has been most unmercifully "squashed."

Let us go back to September, '93. Looking across the green parade ground, one could see the still greener rats filing through the arch to be met by such questions, "Say, Rat, are you twins?" and others more or less embarrassing.

Having been at the Institute four years, and having passed through all the stages from a "Rat" to an Alumnus, we have come to the conclusion that after all our "Rat" year was the happiest of all. We lived in constant fear of the third class (a "Rat's" courage varies inversely as the number of third classmen around, and directly as the square of the distance) which only caused us to enjoy our stolen fruit all the more. Who does not remember the kangaroo-like leaps of the "Senator" as he came loping off the "Hill" at double time, and how "Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound us" the piercing shrieks of "Quit Towser, quit Carney," coming from '93, caused the dumbfounded sentinel in the courtyard to stand still and listen, as we shampoosed our friend "Scavy" with pomade and whisky? We have lost many men since then. Death has claimed one of our number, William Calvert Murdaugh, whose loss was keenly felt by each man individually and by the class as a whole.





Others have "Forthwith departed to their homes" for various other causes and some have been so harsh as to say that a few were "Shipped." Be that as it may, we were always a model class until the thirty-first of December, when we went out of the model class business for good, by giving one of the best pyrotechnical displays, that our representative from Goose Creek has ever had the opportunity of witnessing. We are very sorry that he and the "Goat" were unable to participate in this adventure, but, owing to uncontrollable circumstances, we had to leave them out. This is to be regretted, as the "Goat" had one of the most original and ingenious decorations for the flag-pole that has ever come to our notice. Upon that night no less than six "Corps" threw on "Supe"; we never knew that we were so respected by the corps, and by the way things came off that night, although we had eight men absent, we fully justified our reputation.

Class '97 has always been at the top in everything. Let us take them in order.

Under the head of freaks we can proudly boast of the "Bull Pup" and the "Greyhound," united by a bond of mutual worthlessness and the rules of the kennel club. As "mashers" they have no equal, and we have been offered prices for them, varying all the way from one pie to two "Schofields;" but we would not part with them for twice that much.

Also take note of "Mercum," the hero of the sentry-box and a hundred other well-fought battles, in which unfortunately he always came off second best. Yes, certainly he was a man to be proud of, and take him all in all, we will never look upon his like again.

Also "Rosser" reading an account of the football game between the University of Virginia and the Hampton Athletic Club, and seeing the expression "Pandemonium broke loose," remarked to his room-mate, "Say, Bev., I've read this darned account over twice and I can't find out what position that man Pandemonium played to save me life."

Next come "Gim Fakirs;" "Mercum" probably takes the lead here also, as he tried to "Ride the Gim" for drill on not being able to find a helmet to fit him. This was not very remarkable as he wore nearly a nine.

One day the "Bull Minnow," falling asleep on the radiator (in the meantime steam was turned on), burnt his leg and attempted to "Ride

the Gim." The burn looked good for at least a week's "Ranks," but was not at all painful. In making his excuse he forgot which leg the burn was on and of course named the wrong one, much to his and the "Gim's" surprise. Since then he has given it up as a bad job, and his once familiar face is seen at the Dispensary no more.

In Athletics we have been well represented. To the football eleven we have given eight men and three substitutes, who have ably represented '97 on the gridiron. To baseball we have given eight men, who, if the old adage be true that "we learn more by our defeats than by our successes," have been given a very liberal education. The mere fact, however, that they are captained by a member of '97, insures a successful year. To the gymnasium team we have also given three men.

The athletic event, "par excellence," however, was the football game between the first section Chemistry, alias the Alkalis, and second section of same, alias Dense Fumes. The hero of the day was "Bill Nye," who covered himself with glory and swear words, by kicking the ball through his own goal and over the parapet, thereby most probably losing the game for his side, as the score at the time was 4-0. As it was the score stood 4-4 at the end of the second half, and we were only prevented from playing off the tie by the inclemency of the weather, much to the disappointment of the "Old Rat" and our numerous spectators.

We might as well mention here that our athletic friend, the "Goat," after due consideration, has determined to join the Lexington Fire Department, and to this end he spends his recreation hours in strengthening his legs for future emergencies. He is also gaining for himself quite a reputation as a draughtsman, having been awarded the contract for drawing up the plans of the celebrated Natural Bridge, in Rockbridge county.

We are very sorry to state that the "Buzzard" will not make his appearance on the baseball field this season, but "Pop Tate" has his eye on him for an umpire, as he is now able to see all four bases at the same time.

Passing by Mr. B.'s room the other night, and finding him on his knees, we first came to the conclusion that he had joined the Salvation Army, but on further investigation we found that he was only depicting the woes of Hiawatha.

In literary and musical circles we have not done our best, owing to the fact that we are not ambitious, but the "Shoat's tin-pan tenor" has



been voted the loudest thing in Barracks with the possible exception of "Le Roy's" cuffs.

Classmates, our course is nearly run. We have made a reputation, and most of us will spend the next few years unmaking said reputation. What will become of us we cannot tell. My task was to write the history of '97, not to speculate about its future, but we may be sure that the greeting of '97 to '97 will always be sincere and hearty.

HISTORIAN.



## A First Class Story.

ONCE there was a poor Miller, who lived in a small Brown house on a hill, not far away from his Mills. He had a little son whom he used to love and Foster. This boy was very intelligent and he gloried in reading the works of the illustrious Milton, and in sailing a small Shipp in the stream. His father was naturally very proud of him, but was violently opposed to him wasting his time in such deep perusals. The boy had a friend who was a Smith, and when he was not on the bank of the stream, he was sure to be found at the Smithy, admiring his mighty arm, Baird to the shoulder, while working at the Black-forge.

One day his father left the village, and the boy congratulated himself upon being a Freeman. He left home as soon as his father departed, and sought his pleasant retreat on the banks of the stream which ran through the Rylands, where he read until dark, and became so inspired that he resolved to write a Balla(r)d the following day. Early next morning he set out for his favorite spot and was soon so taken up in his writing that he forgot that his father was to return that morning. His father returning and not finding his son at home set out to search for him. When he came upon his son thus occupied, he was so filled with anger, that he exclaimed: "Law-son, in spite of my protestations you waste your time Moore and Moore and you ought To-bie at the mill. His son springing to his feet, cast the book aside and ejaculated: Ha-milton, by Phcebus, you are the cause of my downfall. I had determined to de-Fend-all of my books, but now taken by surprise, I am Demented, verily I am more unfortunate than Esau, the Harri-son of Jacob." His father, who could contain his anger no longer, picked up two sh-Ingles-by the stream and applied them so vigorously to the boy that he cried out: "Oh, father, desist, I am really Hurt, your cruel blows penetrate even to the Marrow of my bones." The father, after he had punished him sufficiently, released him and seizing the unfortunate Milton and the incompleated Balla(r)d, hurled them far out into the stream. Since that memorable day, the boy has never had a desire to be literary, but Milton and the Balla(r)d have always been closely united in ties of friendship, which probably originated in their being comrades of misfortune.

B. S.—D. D.

## '97 Alphabet.

A is for Alex., who is Q. M. I.,  
B is for Bulljaw, eats so much pie.  
C is for Count, handsome and fair,  
D is for Dobie, with bright auburn hair.  
E is for Eli, never gets on a tear,  
F is for Freeman and Fendall a pair.  
G is for Gim, president of the Ball,  
H is for Hurt, nothing at all.  
I is for Inglesby, whose nickname is Squeer,  
J is for Jimmy, fond of good beer.  
K is for Kitty, Knight of Redcross,  
L is for Lawson, all mourn his loss.  
M is for Morton has plenty of lip,  
N is for noise, created by Shipp.  
O is on furlough, left after dark,  
P is for Pup, all know his bark.  
Q is for blank, got into trouble,  
R is for Ryland, who always sees double.  
S is for Smith, a masher would seem,  
T is for Tolly, manager of the team.  
U is for Uxor, possessed by Miller,  
W is for Willie, hot for free silver.  
V, X, Y, Z, are still without name,  
But they will, no doubt, get there "*tout le meme*."

—H. S., JR.

# CLASS OF '98

## Colors

ORANGE AND ROYAL PURPLE

## Hell

Boom-a-lack-a ! Boom-a-lack-a !  
Bow ! Wow ! Wow !  
Ching-a-lack-a ! Ching-a-lack-a !  
Chow ! Chow ! Chow !  
Boom-a-lack-a ! Ching-a-lack-a !  
Rah ! Hoo ! Ri !  
'98 ! '98 ! V. M. I. !

## Officers

F. S. HEREFORD, PRESIDENT

W. A. McNIEL, VICE-PRESIDENT

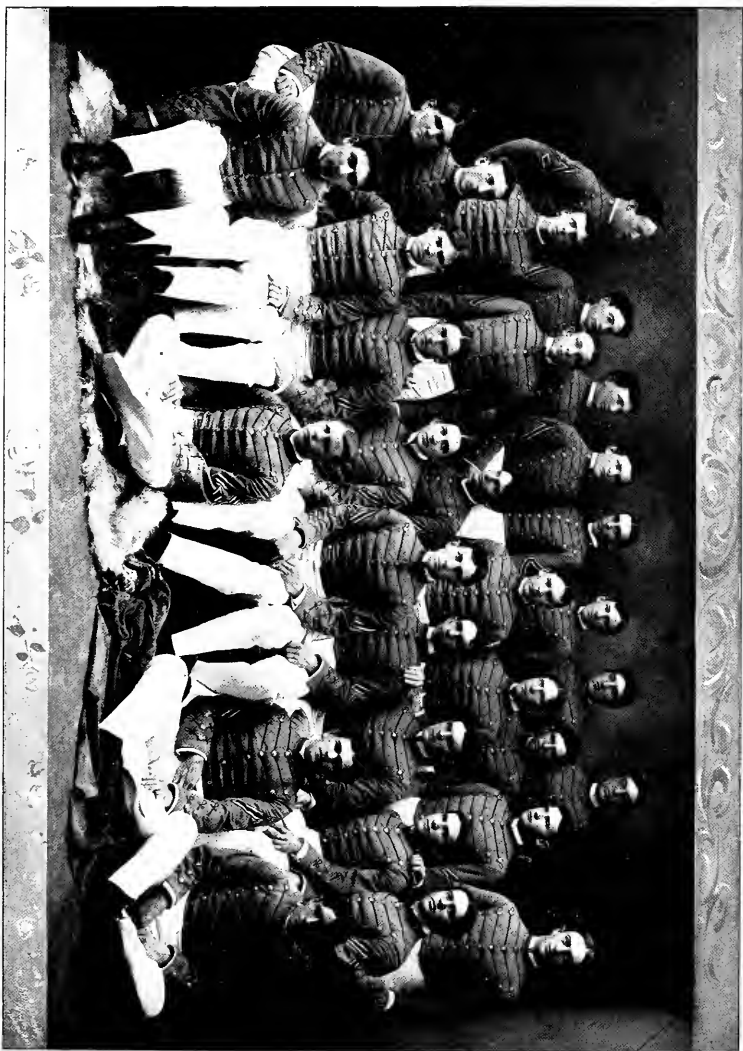
W. B. SAYERS, JR., HISTORIAN

## Members

John H. Addison  
H. D. Bacon  
G. H. Barrett, Jr.  
A. C. Crump  
H. G. Ellett  
H. S. Estill  
Guy Fenner  
A. W. Goddin  
R. G. Goolsby  
P. C. Harding  
W. D. Hardeman  
G. P. Hawes  
F. S. Hereford

W. Hoge  
N. W. Hubbard  
F. J. Inglesby  
T. A. Jones  
W. B. Lewis  
L. M. Lively  
R. C. Marshall  
E. H. Marsteller  
W. A. McNiel  
J. Mizell, Jr.  
P. H. Montgomery  
P. Nelson  
F. M. Nunnally  
J. G. Penn, Jr.

J. P. Penn  
H. L. Percivall  
J. Poitevent  
A. C. Raleigh  
W. B. Sayers  
C. C. Schoen  
J. L. Sneed  
J. O. Steger  
C. S. Stratton  
J. D. Taylor  
A. H. Vories  
J. H. Wood  
L. J. Worthington



CLASS OF '98



## History of '98.

IT would be difficult to find a class in which as many States are represented as are represented in '98. We came from all parts of the Union, from the New England States to California, and from Illinois to Texas, until we reached a total of ninety-two, more or less homesick, "Rats." Some few found that military life did not agree with them and left soon after matriculating, but the majority of the class did not let their fears get the better of their pride, and remained.

Bucking had been abolished the preceding term, and we suffered only at the hands of two or three much-feared third-classmen, who managed to evade signing the pledge, and thus we made our acquaintance with that instrument of torture, the bayonet-scabbard, and we were indeed thankful that there were only a few old cadets who could wield this dangerous weapon.

No one can have any doubts as to our military ambitions; for did not B——, who had been reported for running on the stoop, being questioned by the commandant, promptly reply: "I was running for a 'corp,' sir!"

Several different men have filled the positions of president and vice-president of the class, since the beginning of our career at the V. M. I., with honor to themselves and credit to the class. Mr. C. Davis and Mr. J. T. Carter, both of Texas, were the first president and vice-president. Their failure to return the following year, necessitated the election of new class officers. The beginning of this year found Mr. F. S. Hereford, Texas, and Mr. J. O. Steger, Virginia, installed as our president and vice-president and it would indeed be difficult to find two more trustworthy men. Upon the resignation of Mr. Steger, Mr. W. A. McNiel, was elected to fill the vacancy, and it is agreed by all that he is fully competent to maintain his charge.

We returned the following year, '95, to find the ranks of '98 considerably thinned, but to use a phrase more expressive than elegant, she was

still in the ring. Our number had fallen to sixty-one. We were reinforced by six third-class "Rats," who have done nobly in upholding the standard and dignity of '98.

We looked forward to our trip to Atlanta with unfeigned pleasure and in no way were we disappointed. We thoroughly enjoyed our short visit there. We were very prominent on the Midway and elsewhere. Our wish was to outdo all other third classes in exploits of daring and we partially succeeded, but with a loss of numerous chevrons.

We came back this year at the expiration of our enjoyable furlough, to find that some of our most prominent and popular men had come to the conclusion that the pleasure of being at home outweighed the pleasure of being second-classmen.

We are well represented in Athletics, having men on the football, baseball and gymnasium teams, and men of '98 are also prominent in the societies and glee clubs.

A very important occurrence was the election of the president and vice-president of the final ball and vice-president of Athletics. Messrs. A. H. Vories, Illinois, J. D. Taylor, Florida, and J. H. Wood, Virginia, were chosen to fill these positions. Upon the resignation of Mr. Vories, Mr. Taylor was made president and Mr. R. C. Marshall, Virginia, vice-president of the ball and under their management the ball will no doubt be a brilliant affair and a pronounced success.

Interwoven with the trials and vicissitudes of our academic and military careers is the pleasure derived from our social environments. Our presence at social gatherings and our prominence at the numerous hops given throughout the year sufficiently attest our popularity.

The proudest moment of our lives and an event in the history of the class will be the moment when we don the "blues" and become dignified first classmen.

The time will soon arrive when we will leave on furlough for the last time, and we hope that our career as first classmen and our future lives will be as happy and successful as the past three years spent at the V. M. I.



# CLASS OF '99

## Colors

LAVENDER AND MAROON

## Hell

Hippity Hip! Hippity Hip!

Hi! Ho! Hi!

We are the class of '99!

V. M. I.!

## Officers

M. E. LOCKE	.	.	.	PRESIDENT
G. A. DERBYSHIRE	.	.	.	VICE-PRESIDENT

## Members

G. H. Alexander	J. C. Kent	E. Poitevent
G. A. Allen	H. J. Kremer	A. C. Polk
J. B. Ayers	L. K. Leake	Ll. Powell
J. E. Crider, Jr.	L. L. Leibermuth	C. S. Robertson
J. L. Davis	M. E. Locke	W. D. Scott, Jr.
S. F. Denby	L. L. Lowman	H. L. Shaner
G. A. Derbyshire	J. J. Marshall	D. B. Shaver
A. Dockery	V. E. McBee	W. B. Shaver
J. S. Ellett, Jr.	J. J. McCracken	Adolph Staton
H. S. Ervay	S. H. Meem	F. A. Sullivan
P. D. Ewing	R. W. Miller	S. G. Talbott
D. C. Gordon	Aristides Moreno	J. E. Venable
F. D. Griffin	H. G. Morrison	D. T. Williams
W. M. Gwin	E. Murray	V. R. Williamson
J. P. Harman	G. W. Orr	William Wood
C. M. Hawes	D. Otey	J. W. Yates
Albert Hoge	Keith Payne	Neil Young
F. Jones	J. M. Peters	W. L. Zimmer, Jr.
	G. W. Pohl	

## History of '99.

THE first of September, 1895, marked the recurrence of that long established event in the Institute annals, the incoming of another "Rat" class. Almost a month before many trembling Freshmen would think of entering upon their college life, the class of '99, V. M. I., had matriculated and entered upon its career.

Seventy-three "Rats," from all sections of the country, made up the class of '99. We were green, of course—a lovely beautiful green. What "Rat" class has not been so? But for all that, the mellowing influence of time would alter matters, and we were full of promise of future good. Of course, homesickness came to us, but, thanks to the old cadets, we were often induced to forget our fits of "blues." How those kindly gentlemen banished our depression by bringing us face to face with the realities of the present moment! The methods employed were unique but effective. They engaged the minds of many of us so effectually that we gave heed to naught but matters of the moment, which oftentimes were very weighty. As we look back and see the tender interest extended to us, gratitude wells up in our hearts.

"Rat" drill caused many of us to lose sight of the pomp and circumstance of bright buttons, crimson sashes and glittering brasses. We were to go to the Atlanta Exposition, and were drilled two hours a day up to the moment of our departure.

In Atlanta we enjoyed a week of freedom and pleasure, which will long remain in our memory. Some of us, however, may have seen things but dimly, owing to the rapid and bewildering changes of scenes and incidents during these few days. The winter sped swiftly by, and with glad hearts we once more donned coatees on Easter Sunday. June found us safely through the "exams" and running the block in Camp Davis, while we looked forward to the finals and the Richmond re-union. In Richmond we passed a week in camp, glad to get into a town again and proud to



CLASS OF '99



share in the royal welcome and admiring plaudits bestowed upon the corps. As the sad strains of "Auld Lang Syne" died away, we rushed for our "cits," a happy crowd of "Rats," whose tails had fallen off, never to be "tacked on again."

This year found the majority of us back again to pursue our third class course. Some of the faces which we had known during the preceding year were missing; but they still hold a firm place in our memories. Our life as a class has passed by from day to day with few mishaps.

Thanksgiving night, as an omen of the afternoon's disaster, a meteor struck the big arc light in the courtyard and plunged everything into total darkness. Some of the more skeptical affirm that it was nothing larger than a 45-70 Springfield rifle bullet, but that theory has been exploded. As if to make up for the blackness of that night, some of us devised a series of pyrotechnical displays which from time to time were "pulled off" on the electric light wires with great *éclat*. Some of these feats permanently established the reputation of one of us as a practical mechanical engineer. On New Year's night we became possessed of a desire to take a little fresh air after E. S. D; we took it, went up to Lexington, and for awhile afterwards it was thought that our history might cover a period of only a year and a half. However, all things worked together for good and our untimely end was averted.

In athletics, '99 counts among its members two of the best football men in the Institute, nor do these stand alone in upholding her honor on the gridiron. In baseball, also, she is well represented, and in all other athletics of the Institute, the brawn and pluck of her men demonstrate her athletic prowess.

As our third class year draws nearer to its close, daily do we become bound more closely one to another, and daily the ties of friendship become more strongly woven together as we learn to know each other as only men can know each other who live so closely in touch with their fellows in the intimacy of barrack-life. With eager anticipation we approach the stone that marks the completion of half our four years' course, and look forward with confidence and pride to the bright future of "ninety-nine."

HISTORIAN.

# CLASS OF 1900

## Colors

OLIVE AND MAROON

## Officers

W. B. MONTGOMERY	.	.	.	PRESIDENT
L. W. LANGHORNE	.	.	.	VICE-PRESIDENT

## Members

F. B. Allderdice	W. W. Fauntleroy	R. D. Moreton
J. L. Allgood	H. G. Foote	J. L. Mullins
R. W. Alvey	B. S. Forbes	S. C. Nott
N. Ankeny	W. W. Gibbs	G. B. Palmer
W. F. Anson	St. John C. Goode	A. J. Pizzini
C. Baily	Raymond Hall	C. Rice
J. L. Barham, Jr.	O. K. Hamblen	V. E. Robertson
C. F. Bedwell	J. Harding	L. A. Robertson
E. S. Berry	F. S. Harrison	L. A. Robinson
E. Bisco	H. T. Hine	A. C. Serpell
W. A. Blackford	C. R. Howard	R. W. Sexton
G. D. Brooke	J. W. G. Hyatt	W. Shands
F. Z. Brown	H. L. Jordan	E. M. Spencer
A. M. Buist	L. W. Langhorne	J. W. Stafford
L. R. Cabell	H. M. Lasker	C. Taylor
J. W. Carroll	G. E. Lewis	J. S. Todd, Jr.
P. B. Clark	J. M. Luke	J. V. Walker
G. P. Craighill, Jr.	M. D. Mauck	R. A. P. Walker
P. D. Drewry	LeR. T. McWhinny	G. W. Watson
S. H. Easley	J. L. Meem	J. W. Winston
B. J. Epes	C. H. Minge	Guy Wise
G. H. Esser	J. D. Moncure	J. R. Woods
W. R. Evants	W. B. Montgomery, Jr.	



CLASS OF 1900





## History of 1900.

IN the early part of September, '96, just nine months ago, the class of 1900 assembled at the V. M. I. to take up their abode as "rats" on the fourth stoop, or rather in the "garret"—an appropriate place for such animals. At first only bright visions of the future filled our minds, to be, alas! too quickly dispelled.

Our bright anticipations of a military career were soon realized, when, on the day following our arrival, we were arranged in squads in front of barracks to undergo the tortures of squad drills. These drills were impressed upon our minds by our worthy instructors in a manner never to be forgotten. This was the beginning of a ceaseless round of drilling, from which we were only relieved by our retirement into winter quarters in the early part of December. Our class, though it may not be the most brilliant that has ever attended the Virginia Military Institute, has nevertheless acquitted itself, we think, very creditably in the section room. We have passed the "intermediates" very satisfactorily and are now in suspense waiting for the "finals," when we hope to achieve for ourselves a record of which we may be proud.

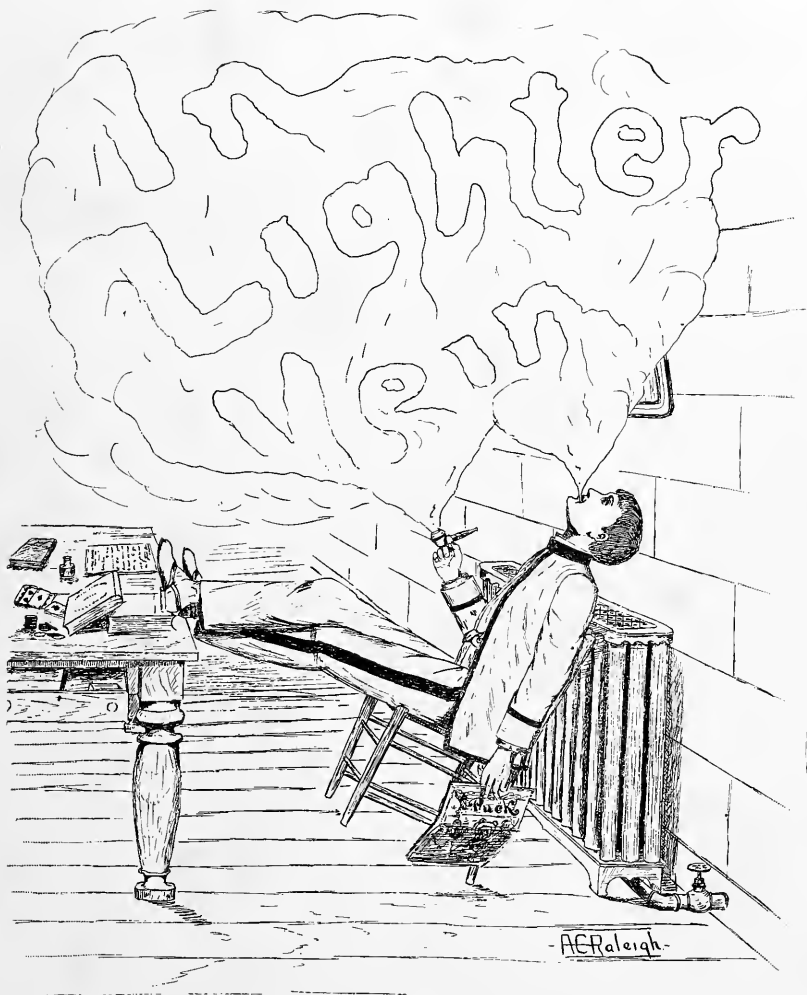
The time which we spent in winter quarters has passed very speedily and happily, and we have begun spring drills in earnest. These drills will no doubt prove beneficial, both physically and mentally, after our inactivity during the long winter months.

We hope that our class has not committed many grave errors during its short existence. Indeed, we have been under the careful surveillance of "99," who are ever on the alert to keep us from becoming those detestable creatures, "cheeky rodents." Already we are beginning to look forward with pleasure to the time when we shall drop our tails to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and feel ourselves fully capable of instructing future rats in the arts in which we have been so thoroughly instructed. We will always look back with pleasure upon our "Rathood," for our common pleasures and hardships have bound us closely together and caused many ties of friendship to be formed never to be broken.

HISTORIAN.

## Recapitulation by States.

Virginia . . . . .	118
Texas . . . . .	15
Mississippi . . . . .	6
Ohio . . . . .	6
Florida . . . . .	6
South Carolina . . . . .	3
Tennessee . . . . .	3
Pennsylvania . . . . .	3
Missouri . . . . .	3
California . . . . .	3
Maryland . . . . .	3
Kentucky . . . . .	3
West Virginia . . . . .	3
Louisiana . . . . .	3
Georgia . . . . .	2
New York . . . . .	2
District of Columbia . . . . .	2
Washington . . . . .	1
Illinois . . . . .	1
North Carolina . . . . .	1
Indian Territory . . . . .	1
Colorado . . . . .	1
Montana . . . . .	1
New Jersey . . . . .	1
South America . . . . .	1
<hr/>	
Total . . . . .	192





## A Dream.

---

A WEARY sentinel once stood in a sentry-box, thinking of his calculus for the next day. The night must have been quite warm, as no one can attribute it to a lengthy mathematical discussion, for the cadet dozed and finally fell asleep. The corporal passing through the courtyard, was attracted by a look of extreme horror on the face of the sleeping sentinel, and immediately proceeded to awake him from his most unmilitary condition by exclaiming in a loud voice, "Walk your post, sentinel!" It was several minutes before the awakened sentinel could control his speech so as to talk coherently. The tale he told was a startling one. He had been dreaming that, while working in the laboratory, there had suddenly appeared from behind the "Old Rat's" desk, a demon surrounded by fumes of  $H_2S$ ,  $CS_2$ , and other vile odors. With a red-hot bayonet, whose composition was  $Fe = 102\%$  (the analysis being made by "Squeer" Inglesby in his second term) and which radiated 613,897 thermal units each second, the demon captured him. Down they went with a uniformly accelerated velocity until they arrived upon the first stoop of Sheol with an impact proportional directly to the velocity plus the mass of the two. His Satanic Majesty at once ordered him to be placed upon a red-hot bar of uniform strength, fixed at one end and supported at the other by a pillar of masonry, and to calculate the deflection in the middle. The temperature was up in the millions, as recorded by an air thermometer of constant volume, a pressure gauge recording the pressure. "Do you prefer to remain here, or would you like to sit in our bath-house boiler with double-riveted plates, and integrate some irregular solids?" "Let me remain here," was the answer. "Now," he continued, "you will have a few opportunities for getting out (with the aid of a certified Saturday night permit, of course) without being obliged to pay Krouse for the privilege of breathing. There are always little entertainments gotten up for the benefit of our 'Rats.' How would you like to hear Morton and Ballard sing, 'I stood on the

Bridge at Midnight,' or Foster 'sound off' with, 'O, Don't You Remember?' etc." "Let me roast, indefinitely," was the answer in a deep, tragic voice.

The demon went away, leaving the poor fellow to suffer. After several hours he returned, and with a fiendish smile, said: "Come off the roost, and hear Lincoln tell some lies."

But the sentinel had fainted.

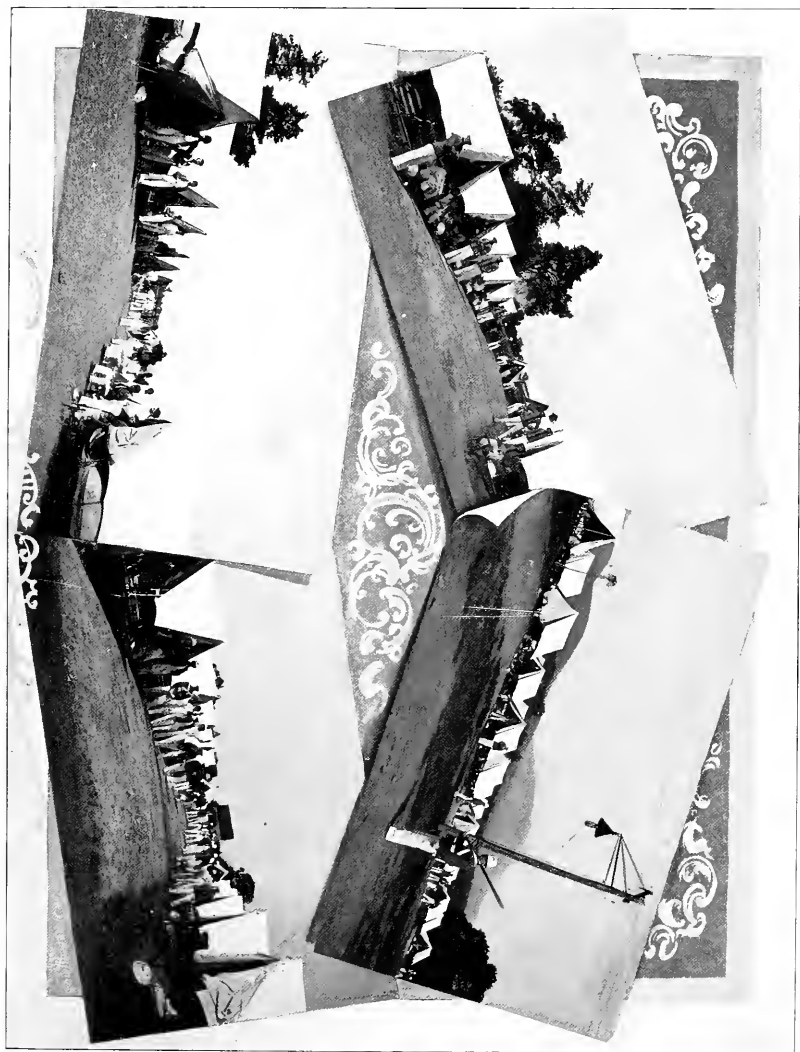
And so the demon went on. The temperature rose higher and higher. Regularly the demon would appear to suggest some diabolical thing. Now it was to hear "Goat" Freeman sing and accompany himself to the inspiring but frazzled "Doris." "Spare me these tortures, and I will pay Krouse and Dold what I owe them, and never again ask for 'tick,'" burst from the dreamer. But the demon was relentless. He brought a batch of optic notes for the sentinel to read; he suggested listening to one of "Old Mike's" lectures on physics. At last the demon sprang at him, shook him and hissed: "In order to expiate your sins you must live in Lexington for ten years."

And then the sentinel awoke, to find the corporal shaking him. But the memory of the last words of the demon clung to him until his hair acquired a distinctly grayish tint.

F. P.



CAMP SCENES







## First Day's Life at the V. M. I.

---

V. M. I. life I propose the story of to tell,  
Telling which I do invoke that I may do it well—  
Not the aid of ancient Muse, to write in classic rhyme—  
But that my words may freely flow in verse at double time.

Not *inversely* as to truth, though must my rhythm move,  
But in ratio direct a *rational* song to prove;  
If, though, I romance at all, please keep down your wrath,  
Don't with scornful gesture say, "You can't prove that by Math."

For I'll say that *jest-you're* not quite bright enough to see,  
Though you made a "D" on Math., you never made a "3."  
And when my song has higher gone and to headquarters moved  
I trust it may not be indorsed, "Returned and Disapproved"

Your father's pride, your mother's joy, at home you have your way,  
Play truant when you feel inclined, steal apples every day;  
A happy lad you roam along, your heart on pleasure set,  
Until across your path there comes a spruce huge-diked cadet.

Brass buttons flashing in the sun, his shoulders held erect;  
With velvet selvedge on his pants, his sleeves with chevrons deck'd,  
His cap one-sided, struts along—how well his coat does fit!  
He smiles to himself as he says, "Look at that awkward cit!"

Staring at him all the while, when you have viewed him fully,  
Sighing to yourself you say, "Well, I declare, that's bully!"  
Home you go dissatisfied, your heart's no longer merry,  
Civil life seems flat and dull, you long for military.

At the dinner table hint that you've sufficient knowledge  
Tiresome day-school to forsake and go away to college.  
Say, you think that every man should learn the use of arms,  
And in time of peace prepare in case of war's alarms.

Then, to illustrate your point, you boldly cast the die—  
 Ask your father what he thinks about the V. M. I.  
 He astonished seems to be (its only make believe);  
 All the time he saw your drive—was laughing in his sleeve.

But he says that he don't care, in fact, is very willing  
 If you choose to change your ease for standing guard and drilling.  
 You reply that in these things you do not see the beauty,  
 Yet you'll do them willingly when it becomes your duty.

By that evening's mail you send with many a commendation  
 From your influential friends a flowery application  
 Begging of the "Visitors" that they appoint you soon,  
 Calling them the *August* Board, although they meet in *June*.

Waiting many a weary day, you wander 'round with blue lips,  
 Until a letter comes addressed, "Cadet Ben Cobalt Juleps,"  
 "You are hereby appointed Cadet of the V. M. I."  
 As you tear the missive open, meets your glad expectant eye.

The document you quickly show, and beg your mother 'll get  
 The Monroe shoes, pants of white duck, white Berlin gloves, *et cetera*.  
 At last you're fixed; to Lexington, you wend your gladsome way,  
 To Barracks haste, a soldier true should never lose a day.

Then to the Superintendent go, and when matriculated  
 Hand in your check and hear the hope—it oft may be *checkmated*.  
 To adjutant you then report, to company are assigned,  
 And by the Q. M.'s kindly care your room on fourth stoop find.

Up to this point you like it well, politeness seems prevailing,  
 But soon you change your notes of joy for ones of bitter wailing.  
 For oh, alas! you ope the door to look at top, forgetting—  
 A cup of water tumbles down and gives your dike a wetting.

This little joke you might forgive, although not fond of ducking,  
 But you hear the awful words, "Let's give this Rat a bucking."  
 "Hand up here, Rat; that's right, well done, now fingers on the  
 floor, sir!"  
 You feel a thrill from scabbard point, you can't help saying, "Oh,  
 Sir!"

"What do you mean? that's gross—keep still! I'll do it o'er again,  
Impudent Rat of the V. M. I, now cross the 't' to make it plain,  
And, Rat, we want to have a song, so start your singing bellows;  
Do what you can, and don't be long, and then we'll shave him,  
fellows!"

You swear you cannot sing at all, "Well, Rat, it's time you're  
learning,"  
So out you start to sing "Shoo Fly," but break down at the turning.  
Your singing o'er, with such mishap, then thoughts take new  
direction;  
They swear your beard's so very long you'll get "rammed" at  
inspection.

"And very fortunate," they say, "your fifteen cents to save,  
There is a barber in our midst your face will gladly shave."  
In inmost soul you don't approve of such a *barbarous* plan,  
Yet with a sickly grin resolve to take it like a man.

They set you down on blacking stool, uncomfortably, rather,  
Then bucket bring and whitewash brush to make a plenteous lather,  
The barber takes his trusty blade, it makes you fairly tingle,  
To watch him as he puts an edge, on that old cypress shingle.

He gently asks you how you'll shave, and begs you'll quickly speak  
Whether "*patte de fois gras*," you like "a pique."  
Just as you are about to speak to say which you would rather,  
The whitewash brush goes in your mouth with several quarts of  
lather.

But now to give you some respite, you hear the dinner drum,  
You gladly thank your spirit good that huppy time has come.  
You're let alone, your face you wash, and stroll down in front of  
statue,  
No one you know, and are surprised to see them coming at you.

"Why, hello, Rat! What's your name?" you hear from not a  
few lips,  
While one, more fond than others, says, "*I always did love Juleps!*"  
You take the meanest kind of grins, and think, what's next to come,  
But in a flash you're left alone—they hear the second drum.

With all due dignity you strive to take your place in ranks,  
 A sergeant grabs you by the neck, a corporal by the shanks;  
 "Take your proper place sir, here! Now hold your shoulders square,  
 Eyes front! Toes out! Hands down in ranks!"—it almost makes you  
 swear.

In mess hall safe you wander round, and after much palaver,  
 Your captain puts you on a stool, the fifth seat from the carver.  
 The privileges there enjoyed are few, there's no mistake.  
 The beef you get you let alone and fill up with black cake.

\* \* \* \* \*

The drill drum beats, your spirits rise, inspired by warlike god,  
 With shoes well blacked, and nice white gloves, you join the awkward squad.

In many motions queer and strange, you're soon a lesson getting,  
 They tell you it's called "setting up"—you feel more like *upsetting*.

In all the steps you practice next, with lots of care and trouble,  
 They make you "step" *eight times* too high, and only call it *double*.  
 The "balance step" seems queerly named, you ne'er were more  
 unsteady.

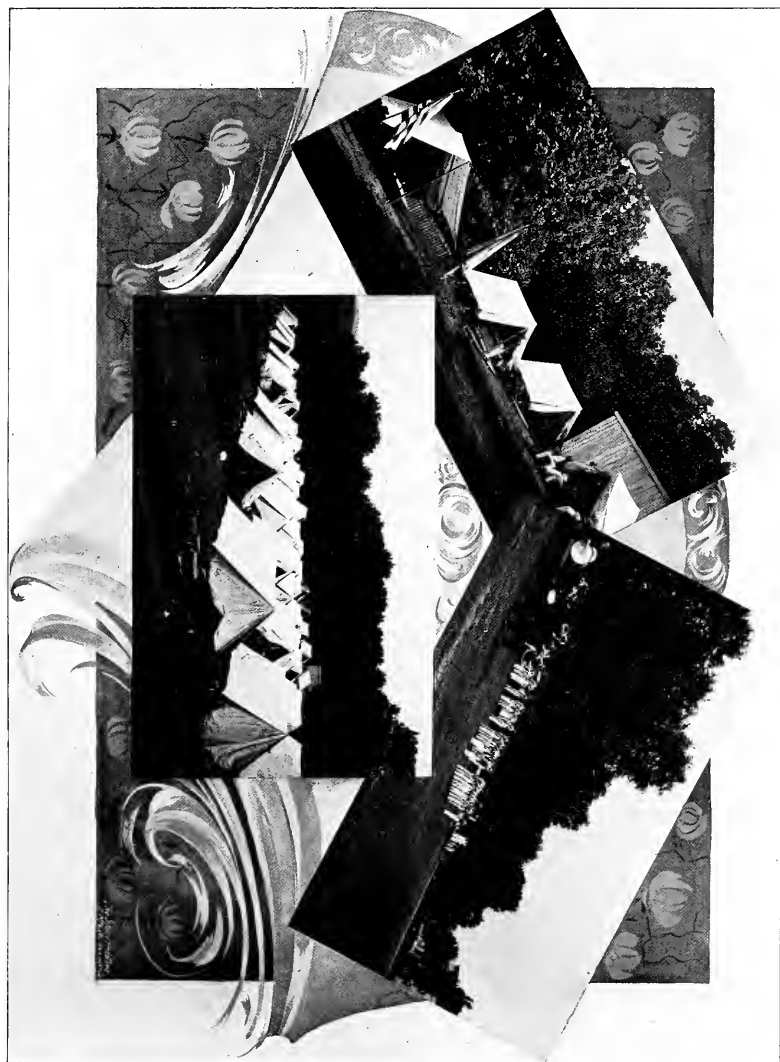
"*Eyes right!*" are evidently *wrong*, and then you're *dressed* already.

Again is heard that blessed drum, "fours left" is the command,  
 It seems to you there's only one, as there alone you stand.  
 Your drillist yells out, "*right about!*" you see you've made a miss  
 There are many things you're *right about*, you were not about this.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day is o'er, you've heard tattoo, and in a doleful mood  
 You wonder why so called, tho' well you know when you're *tattoo'd*.





CAMP SCENES



## Ye Atlanta Trip.

---

AND behold, there arose among the fifty-sixth tribe of the Cadets of the Institute, a great commander whose Christian name was David, and he saith with a loud voice, "We will arise and gird up our loins and journey far, even unto the city of Atlanta, which lieth in the State of Georgia, yea, even unto the land of the Beauty-Show. And we will go along the Midway, yea, even into the streets of Cairo, and learn much goodly knowledge; insomuch that, we will have to be looked upon through tourmaline tongs, or the equivalent thereof." Then they of the tribe that knew not fear and were of many shekels, did cry aloud as if with one voice, "Yea, verily we will go."

And so it came to pass that the tribe was put upon the train, whose dimensions were four hundred cubits in length, by ten cubits in width, and the glasses of its water-cooler did hold each one a pint.

Now it also happened that the commander, David, was "onto" the fifty-sixth tribe of the Cadets of the Institute, and did have a staff of four, which four were tall and broad and, being thick withal, did create a most mighty quiet upon that train, insomuch that the stillness thereof, was like unto that of a nail factory.

And with the setting of the sun, it came to pass, that the tribe was ushered into Atlanta, even into the Hotel Alcazar, and the whole tribe was merry. Now it came to pass, that there were among the tribe some Philistines, who feared neither "Cops" nor "Subs," and these did all manner of things to cause mirth, and they did borrow things when there was no man to say them nay. Yea, verily, even from before the mighty temple of the police station did they "swipe" fairy lamps from off the grass. And they wandered through the Midway and the Beauty Show and were filled with much astonishment and good beer.

These things did they and many others, even unto the gazing upon the figure of Trilby, whose feet were not mates.

And it came to pass, that when one of the tribe of the Cadets from the Institute plucked feathers from the tail of the Ostrich, behold! he was smote upon the cheek by the owner thereof, until the face of him was like unto one who had been in a fight with a tom-cat. And it

came to pass, when "Cops" began to multiply upon the face of the earth and the leader thereof said unto the Philistine, "Depart and go hence, thou and thy people, which thou hast brought out of the land of Virginia. And I will send a patrol before you and I will drive out of the Hotel Alcazar, the "calic" from the land of the Carolinas, for it is known unto me that ye be bashful." And the Philistine gathered together all the congregation of the tribe of the Cadets of the Institute, and saith unto them, "These are the words that the 'Cop' hath commanded," and the tribe forthwith departed and took unto themselves much strong drink and "hot tamales."

And it came to pass that the heavens were clouded over and the rain and hail descended upon the earth and upon the fifty-sixth tribe of the Cadets of the Institute, but they cared not, for they reasoned among themselves thus, "Behold, we are 'loaded' and are storm-proof, even as a rubber coat."

And it came to pass, that on the seventh day of the week, the whole tribe did turn their faces towards Lexington, which is the end of the earth, yea, even the furthest corner thereof, for is it not inhabited by "Rats," "Subs," and all other creeping things?

Verily, much knowledge was gained by the fifty-sixth tribe of the Cadets of the Institute, in their sojourn in Atlanta; and they did learn, moreover, the standard measure of capacity, used upon the streets of the Midway:

16 drachms—1 drink

16 drinks—1 drunk

4 drunks—1 head

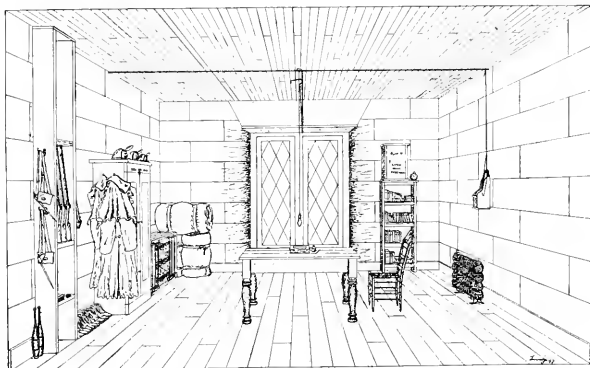
20 heads—1 D. T.

Selah!

F. P.







CADET ROOM READY FOR INSPECTION

## Old Mississippi; the U. M. I. Terror.

I'm a don't-care old cadet,  
I should smile;  
And my room will be to let  
In a while.  
When I get on a tear  
My demerits make me stare,  
And my papa lifts my hair,—  
That's his style.

I'm the terror of the corps,  
In a way,  
And in church I always snore,  
Just for play.  
I smoke cigars "à la France,"  
And wear the slackest old white pants,  
And I slay "Rats" with a glance,  
So they say.

I'm a dandy from the Mississippi,  
That's my lay,  
At fanning cheeky rodents on the hip,  
O, clear the way.  
I dislike battalion drills  
And also the surgeon's pills,  
That he gives for all the ills  
Of the day.

Oh, I long for my old home,  
You can bet;  
Nowhere else I'll ever roam,  
Dry or wet.  
When I get upon the train,  
Oh, my joys will be so plain,  
Would forever they could reign!  
[78 to let.]

—T. C. BAIRD, '89.

## **V. M. I. Chronicle.**

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I.—Man that is born of woman and enlisted at the V. M. I. is of a few days and short rations.

II.—He cometh forth at Reveille, is present also at Retreat and retireth apparently at Taps.

III.—He goeth foraging at the Mess Hall, and findeth it even like unto a land which hath been swept by a famine; he striketh his teeth against hard bread and bones and is satisfied.

IV.—He filleth his glass with water and poureth into it a small portion of whisky and goeth his way, and vainly imagineth that he is drunken with much wine.

V.—Much soldiering hath made him sharp; yea, and on this account he often doth "cut."

VI.—He goeth often to war and lo, the field is strewn with the result of his valor—blank cartridges.

VII.—The call to drill weareth heavily upon his soul; but recall is unto his nostrils as a sweet smelling savor, like unto frankincense and myrrh.

VIII.—And many other marvelous things doeth he; these things and many others are they not recorded in the book of Billy Shipp? Yea, verily.

H. S.

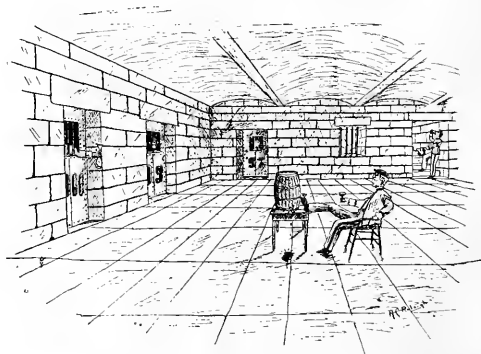
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,

October 14th, 1896.

To the Superintendent, V. M. I.

SIR:—We, the undersigned members of the class of —, do solemnly pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of all spirituous or intoxicating liquors from this date until the first day of July, 1897, provided the extreme penalty of the regulations (dismissal) be withheld in the case of our classmate, Cadet —, and he be allowed to remain a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute.

Respectfully submitted,



?

**W**hy are these men behind the bars?  
**H**ow come they to be there?  
**I**s there need of "Seltzer sours"?  
**S**oda, ice or cool fresh air?  
**K**eept them there. Old Billy says  
**E**-e cant drink at the V. M. I.  
**Y**oung men you will be on a pledge  
Until the first of next July.

## A Prank of the Mollies.

BY A MOLLIV.

ONE of the most secret meetings of the Ancient Mollies was in progress, when the Chairman of the Desecrating Committee arose and addressed the chief and the assembled members in the most persuasive and eloquent terms, regarding the importance of being heard from immediately through some heroic deed. He, as Chairman of the Desecrating Committee, suggested that the revered statue of George Washington be painted in pure white with two resplendent figures in red emblazoned upon its breast, viz.: a 9 and a 7, in order to advance the honor of our beloved Society and make the name of the Class of '97 immortal.

The Destructive Committee immediately raised the objection that painting wouldn't injure the statue in the slightest, and suggested the use of dynamite instead. This suggestion was met with loud shouts of approval, but after a long and heated debate, a ballot was taken and the first motion was carried by a small majority. The chief then appointed two skillful artists of our number and duly instructed them in what was to be done, not omitting to state that the most dreadful ban of the Society would be imposed in case of failure. The Mollies then adjourned.

The next night in Room 44, might have been seen two cadets, whom we easily recognize as the artists, diligently preparing black masks and fitting them on with great exactness. Just before "taps" these doughty Mollies had broken into the carpenter-shop and secured paints of the required colors. Now, after making sure that their masks were in proper condition, they lay down upon their cots and waited for the time to come when the commands imposed by their Society were to be executed.

Soon the sentinel called the midnight hour, and as the sound died away, the Mollies sprang to their feet. Then securely fastening several bed-straps to the window, they quietly slipped down to the ground. Like spectres they crept along, bent very low until they reached the cannon-shed, in which they had concealed their paints. Here a whispered consultation was held and an agreement was made to knock anyone down who attempted to catch them.

The night was intensely dark and cold—so cold that their chattering teeth made a noise very much resembling that of a “nail factory.” Facing the darkness and cold with stout hearts, they crawled around the corner of Barracks and over the parapet, each with a can of paint. Following along the foot of the parapet, they came directly in a line with the object of their search—the beautiful bronze statue of George Washington, immediately in front of Barracks.

With their hearts in their mouths, these gallant souls slowly scaled the ascent, until peeping over the top, they surveyed the guard-house and its much-dreaded occupant. There sat the Corporal of the Guard reading, and in the courtyard further on could be seen every now and then the glint of a sentinel's musket as he paced to and fro beneath the electric light. As they looked, the Corporal arose, picked up his gun and came out. The Mollies lay low and “cussed” their luck; but what seemed to be their misfortune was their good luck; for he was going to wake up the next sentinel. This was their time above all others. As he disappeared through the arch, the trusty Mollies sprang to their feet and reached the statue in a bound. Producing shaving-brushes, they dipped them in their paints and proceeded to carry out the instructions of their noble fraternity. One climbed upon the pedestal and showered white paint, with truly artistic touches, upon the noble features of George Washington, only leaving a space upon his manly breast for the resplendent “’97” in red. Meanwhile, the other occupied himself with giving the pedestal a coating of red. Then, exchanging points, the figures “’97” soon loomed out clear and distinct. Sharply and fiercely the wind blew all the while, chilling the ardent workmen to the marrow; but cold was nothing to such inspired artists as these; they only laughed at it.

But, hark! someone is approaching! Visions of immediate dismissal rose before their eyes. No word was spoken; down they sank upon the ground. Yes, footsteps could be clearly heard! Was it the heavy throbings of their own hearts? No! it was but too true. The Corporal was returning. As he came through the arch, he raised his eyes and—horror of horrors, what was it he saw that made his limbs tremble so and his face grow pale? There standing out clearly defined against the darkness, was the statue of Washington draped in robes of purest white. Had the Spirit of the illustrious dead suddenly visited this monument erected in his honor and given life to it? Certainly it seemed that something unearthly had

happened. Tremblingly the Mollies watched from their hiding-place behind the pedestal. The Corporal struggled between fear and duty, and at last duty triumphed. Grasping his gun desperately, he started for the statue to investigate. The heroes hidden there, realizing that a policy of prudence was the best for them to adopt, took to their heels and being spurred on by horrible visions of momentary capture or the smash of a gun over their heads, literally flew. Both reached the slender, but only road to safety, viz.: the bed-straps hanging from their window, and grasped them desperately. Up they went together, hand over hand, until with a final, mighty effort, they raised themselves into the room. Dragging in the bed-straps after them and softly closing the window, slipped into bed and were snoring away vigorously when an inspector came around a moment afterwards with a lantern.

Next morning at reveille, great was the surprise and looks of awe depicted on the faces of the Cadets. Nothing so audacious as this had ever happened within their memory before. Strange to say, the very men who had done the painting, were the last to notice that anything was wrong. When it was finally pointed out to them that the statue had been painted, loud were their denunciations against the perpetrators of such a thoughtless deed.

The whole class of '97, whose name had been made immortal by being painted upon George Washington's statue in large red letters, were put under close arrest for two days, during which time they were to ponder upon the futility of their efforts to acquire fame by the blending of colors upon a bronze statue, even if the said statue was in likeness of Washington.

The day after the statue was painted, a hose was kept playing upon it the whole time, while two negroes were scrubbing old George with a tooth-brush.

The expression that the paint was finally removed only "by the help of God and a tooth-brush," is often quoted but we do not vouch for the truth of this statement.

The Mollies were highly commended and were awarded gold medals by their Society for the dauntless bravery and skillful execution exhibited during the whole enterprise. The paint-besmeared clothes worn by these two heroic souls in accomplishing this daring deed, are now the most valued and conspicuous relics in the Royal Archives of the Ancient Order of Barracks Toughs.

J. C. B.

# ATHLETIC OFFICERS

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M. M. MILLS, '97 (Virginia) . . . . . PRESIDENT  
J. H. WOOD, '98 (Virginia) . . . . . VICE-PRESIDENT

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## Football

S. T. MOORE, '97 (Virginia) . . . . . *Captain of Team*  
E. L. MCGILL, '97 (Virginia) }  
F. PHINIZY, '97 (Georgia) } . . . . . *Managers*

## Baseball

H. B. MILLER, '97 (Virginia) . . . . . *Captain of Team*  
T. MILTON, '97 (Virginia) . . . . . *Manager*

## Gymnasium Team

W. A. McNIEL, '98 (Virginia) . . . . . *President*  
W. B. SAYERS, JR., '98 (Texas) . . . . . *Manager*

## Tennis Club

A. C. FREEMAN, JR., '97 (Virginia) . . . . . *President*

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## Athletic Executive Committee

### From Faculty:

COL. E. W. NICHOLS      COL. N. B. TUCKER      CAPT. B. B. MORGAN

### From Cadets:

M. M. MILLS      J. H. WOOD      S. T. MOORE  
H. B. MILLER      T. MILTON







## Athletics.

A NOTED educator once said, "First develop the body, then the moral nature, and, if you have any time left, the intellectual nature." It is upon the theory that these different departments of education, body, soul and mind, can be carried on simultaneously that athletics has become such an important factor in collegiate instruction in our colleges. The facilities in our college for physical development are the most complete to be found anywhere, and it is the college athletic life that has made the younger generation so big, brawny, and pleasant to look upon. Physical training is reduced to a science, and now a manager of athletics and an athletic association are considered essentials in every college.

The military system of the Institute is in itself an admirable system of physical culture. Daily exercise of each muscle, wholesome diet, absence to a large extent of dissipation and entire regularity of life and habits, give to the cadet an athletic impulse and spirit that makes him a formidable competitor in all physical contests. Cadets, as a rule, devote little attention to track athletics, their time being occupied with football in the fall, with gymnastic work, boxing, etc., in winter, and in the spring with baseball and tennis. In each of these the interest is strong; any game on the grounds is attended by at least three-fourths of the corps, the most insignificant member of which knows when the interference is slow or when the umpire is "roasting us" or when the referee is a "beast." The players are encouraged by the latest V. M. I. songs, interspersed with sharp, quick yells, and on the occasion of an unexpected play or favorable score all sorts of demonstrations, dancing, hugging, etc., take place—and at the end of the game the players are carried triumphantly from the field.

The Institute has been probably best represented in athletic contests by its football teams, which, previous to this year, have the unusual record of winning every game, excepting two, since its organization in '91. It is exceedingly improbable, even under the most favorable conditions, that such a record could

be maintained for long, and this year all the circumstances necessary to impair the efficiency of the team combined to make us lose the majority of the games. The Thanksgiving game between the V. M. I. and Blacksburg, which was lost to us by a score of 24 to 0, was the crowning point of defeat. Let it be said, however, that never did men fight more heroically or with greater courage against age, weight, and training, than did the team of '97, in this, the last game of the season. The Washington and Lee also had their inning with us, gaining their first football victory over us by a score of 6 to 0, though we had beaten them 12 to 0 earlier in the season. Our defeats do not discourage us; they must come in course of time to every college team and they bring with them experiences to be obtained in no other way.

Special mention should be made of McGill ('97), right end, Mills ('97), left tackle, Marrow ('97), center, and Montgomery (1900), quarter-back.

The baseball season has opened with splendid prospects, due in large measure to the careful training of Miller, cadet third captain. All the classes are represented, more especially the fourth class, which furnishes us a pitcher, second baseman and right fielder. The team is scheduled to play with many of the Southern colleges on its own grounds, and permission has been granted to play Blacksburg in Roanoke the fifteenth of May. A special train will be chartered, and all cadets not getting over five demerits from the fifteenth of March permitted to go.

Tennis is growing in popularity among the cadets and the tennis club is larger than it has been for years. The grounds are fairly dotted with courts under the management of the club. During all recreation hours the grounds present an animated scene; everybody is out—the baseball crank coaching his invincibles, the tennis devotee, trying the Lawford or the Lands-down, an army of loafers, critics, and jesters, in white linen pants, here, there, and everywhere, making life merry with their fun and frolic.

Since the completion of the Jackson Memorial building, the gymnasium team has used the large hall in the basement, which is being gradually fitted with apparatus suitable for this work. The team is under the management of McNeil and Wood, both of '98, and they report the condition of the men about as usual, except possibly in tumbling, which is better.

The entire system of athletics, apart from the military, is under the control of the Athletic Association, composed heretofore entirely of cadets, but this year a committee of the Faculty has been appointed, which will advise

with the cadets in all athletic matters. As a result, many needed reforms have been made, reasonable hours for practice allowed, the teams permitted to play a limited number of games away from Lexington, cadets under certain military restrictions given leave to attend these games, a wiser disposition of funds made, and in general the whole tone and plane of athletics elevated. The cadets respond readily to this interest in the faculty, and preparations have been made to have the next year the most successful one in our athletic history.



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# FOOTBALL TEAM

Season '96

S. T. MOORE	CAPTAIN
E. L. MCGILL	} MANAGERS
F. PHINIZY	

Marrow, '97	Center
Harding, P., '98	} Right guard
Montgomery, P., '98	
Rice, 1900	Left guard
Harding, J., 1900	Right tackle
Mills, '97	Left tackle
McGill, '97	Right end
Harman, '99	Left end
Foster, '97	} Quarter-back
Montgomery, W., 1900	
Steger, '98	} Right half-back
Shaner, '99	
Lawson, '97	Left half-back
Moore, '97 (Captain)	Full-back

## Substitutes:

Shipp, '97	Williamson, '99
Marshall, R., '98	Carroll, 1900
Crump, '98	Stafford, 1900



FOOTBALL TEAM '06





## Previous Teams

'91

Wise, '94 . . . . .	Wise, '94 . . . . .	Right end
Biscoe, '94 . . . . .	Biscoe, '94 . . . . .	Right tackle
Magoffin, '93 . . . . .	Magoffin, '93 . . . . .	Right guard
Spilman, '93 . . . . .	Spilman, '93 . . . . .	Center
Crenshaw, '92 . . . . .	Poindexter, '95 . . . . .	Left guard
Smith, '94 . . . . .	Smith, '94 . . . . .	Left tackle
Cabell, '92 . . . . .	Berkeley, '94 . . . . .	Left end
Carter, '93 . . . . .	Carter, '93 (Captain) . . . . .	Right half
Allen, '92 . . . . .	Coffeen, '94 . . . . .	Left half
Cary, '92 . . . . .	Holt, '96 . . . . .	Quarter-back
Taylor, '92 (Captain) . . . . .	Twiggs, '95 . . . . .	Full-back

'92

'93

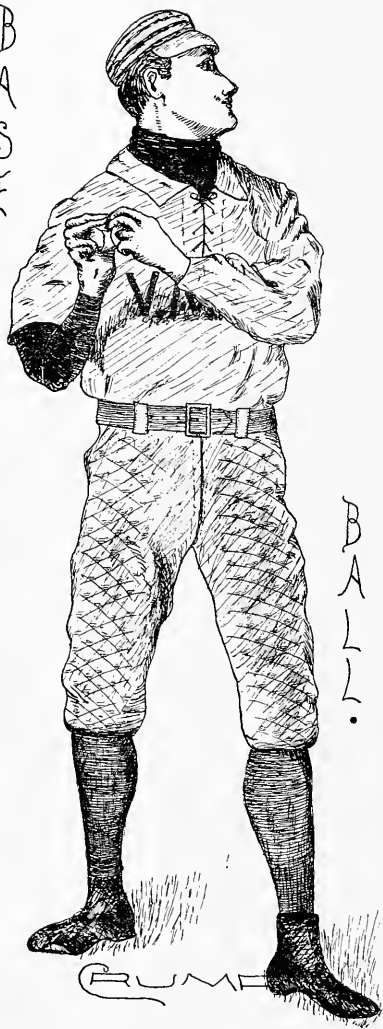
Wise, '94 (Captain) . . . . .	Selden, '95 . . . . .	Right end
Michel, '96 . . . . .	Serpell, '95 . . . . .	Right tackle
Biscoe, '94 . . . . .	Stratton, '98 . . . . .	Right guard
Smith, '94 . . . . .	Locker, '96 . . . . .	Center
Poindexter, '95 . . . . .	Poindexter, '95 . . . . .	Left guard
Bannon, '95 . . . . .	Michel, '96 . . . . .	Left tackle
Dickinson, '96 . . . . .	Jones, '95 . . . . .	Left end
May, '96 . . . . .	Hickman, '95 (Captain) . . . . .	Right half
Coffeen, '94 . . . . .	Dickinson, '96 . . . . .	Left half
Holt, '96 . . . . .	Foster, '97 . . . . .	Quarter-back
Twiggs, '95 . . . . .	Twiggs, '95 . . . . .	Full-back

'94

'95

Shirley, '96 . . . . .	Right end
Moore, A. W., '98 . . . . .	Right tackle
Mills, '97 . . . . .	Right guard
Locker, '96 . . . . .	Center
Harding, P., '98 . . . . .	Left guard
Michel, '96 . . . . .	Left tackle
Moore, S. T., '97 . . . . .	Left end
Dickinson, '96 (Captain) . . . . .	Right half
Lawson, '97 . . . . .	Left half
Foster, '97 . . . . .	Quarter-back
Twiggs, '97 . . . . .	Full-back

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## BASEBALL TEAM

H. B. MILLER, '97 . . . CAPTAIN  
T. MILTON, '97 . . . MANAGER

MILLER, '97 . . . . . Catcher  
ALLEN, '99 } . . . . . Pitchers  
STAFFORD, 1900 }  
SHIPP, '97 . . . . . Short-stop  
HARMAN, '99 . . . . . First base  
BLACKFORD, W., 1900 . . . . . Second base  
OTEY, '99 . . . . . Third base  
TAYLOR, J. D., '98 . . . . . Left field  
SHANER, '99 . . . . . Center field  
MONTGOMERY, W., 1900 . . . . . Right field

### Substitutes:

BROWN, '97  
FOSTER, '97  
MEEM, '99  
GIBBS, 1900

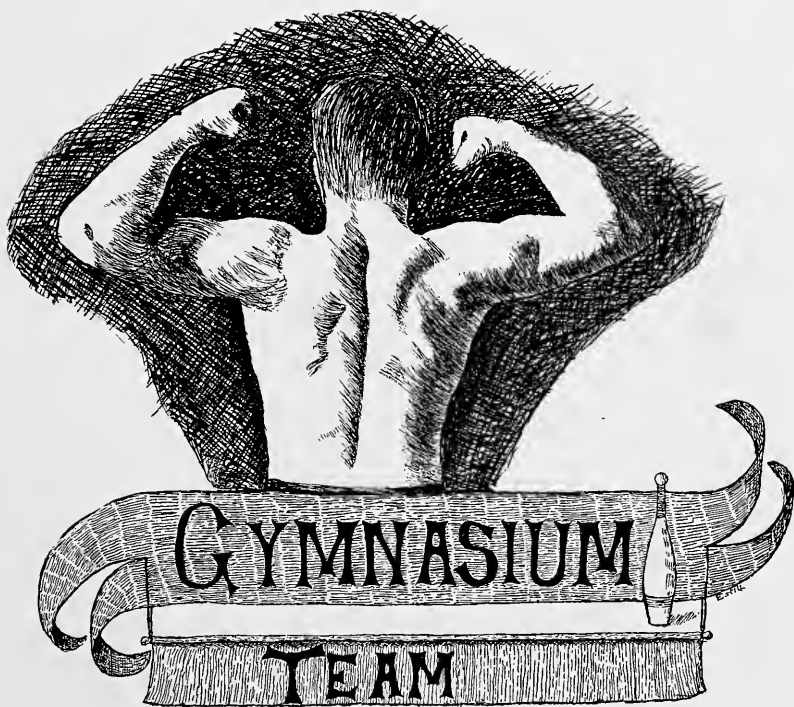


BASEBALL TEAM









W. A. McNIEL ('98), Virginia - *President.*

W. B. SAYERS, Jr. ('98), Texas - *Manager.*

**Team '96-97.**

W. A. McNIEL, Virginia.

J. H. WOOD, JR. ('98), Virginia.

F. A. SULLIVAN ('99), Kentucky.

W. B. MONTGOMERY (1900), Virginia.

H. G. FOOTE (1900), Ohio.

## Gymnasium Team.

THE gymnasium club was organized during the session of 1880-81, by J. G. Breckinridge, T. E. Saunders, A. T. Patton, and R. P. Camden.

These men taking much interest in gymnastics, practiced in a private room, there being no gymnasium at the time. They used only the single horizontal bar, with their bedclothes for a net. By the finals they found themselves so proficient in tumbling and bar work that they decided to give an exhibition of their skill. The exhibition met with great success. They acquitted themselves well.

From that year on great interest has been taken in the gymnasium, and the club's annual exhibition at the finals has been one of the most entertaining evenings of the week.

During the session of '83-84, the double bar was substituted for the single bar.

At the finals in '84, His Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, wishing to promote such manly and scientific exercise, offered to present the club with a gold medal, which they were to hold until some rival club, in public contest, should be declared their superiors. The V. M. I. club gladly accepted the medal, and immediately sent challenges to the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee University, and to Norfolk and Richmond Clubs, but the V. M. I. club's reputation had preceded their challenges and none were accepted.

Our club now claims the amateur championship of Virginia.

At the meeting of the Board of Visitors last January, an appropriation was made for the further equipment of our gymnasium. It will not be long before we will have one of the best equipped gymnasia in the State.

The team of '95-96 was as follows:

J. V. BICKFORD ('96), Virginia, *President*.

W. S. HUTTON ('96), Maryland, *Manager*.

J. V. BICKFORD, Virginia.

J. COCKE ('96), Virginia.

A. W. MOORE ('98), South Carolina.

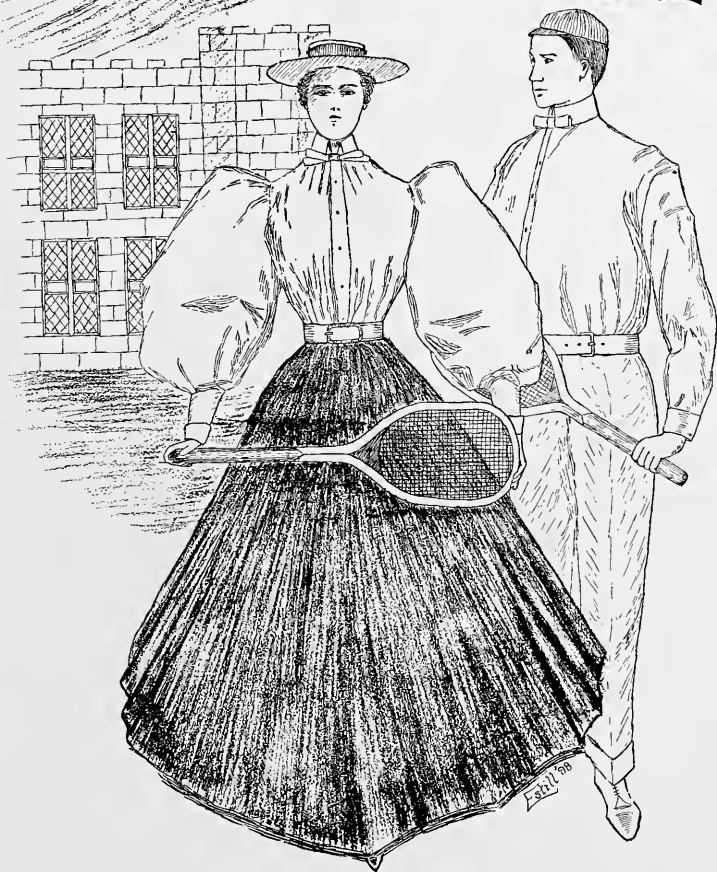
J. H. WOOD, JR. ('98), Virginia.

W. A. MCNIEL ('98), Virginia.

A. H. VORIES ('98), Illinois.



# TENNIS CLUB









## **The Virginia Dialectic Society.**

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THE Virginia Dialectic Society was founded in June, 1846, by several cadets who withdrew from the already existing cadet society. The latter had become so large and unwieldy that it was quite apparent that another society was necessary, both to relieve the strain of management imposed upon the old society by its excessive numbers, and to arouse a spirit of rivalry by which the interest and progress of each might be promoted.

These seven cadets, realizing this, resigned from the cadet society and organized the Virginia Dialectic Society in opposition to it.

Owing to a fire that occurred recently in its society hall, destroying all of its records and the greater part of its valuable library, we are able to give the names of but five of the seven cadets who have the honor of being its founders. These are: Brigadier-General Samuel Garland, of the Confederate Army, who died nobly fighting for his country; Colonel J. M. Massie, who served honorably as professor at the V. M. I. up to the time of his death; Rev. Robert Gatewood, Chaplain in the Confederate States Army, and now a minister of the gospel in Norfolk, Virginia; William J. Morrisette, a brave lieutenant in a Virginia regiment Confederate States Army, and a professor of mathematics in Alleghany College until his death; and J. H. Estes, a captain in the Twenty-sixth Virginia Regiment, which surrendered at Appomattox.

Under the strong and energetic management of such men, the new society passed through the period of its infancy, grew rapidly, and was soon a worthy foe for its sister society. It increased in membership and thus began a long era of uninterrupted prosperity which lasted until 1891, when its members no longer took the proper interest in its work. This lack of interest did the society great harm, but it was not, as it seemed, doomed to die of neglect, for there were those who inspired new life into it, viz.: St. J. A. Lawton, class '91, and J. A. Stephens, class '92, by

whose skillful and untiring efforts the society raised its drooping head and once more with a firm footing, faced its rival society.

The society still prospers, with a good membership. Its literary exercises are similar to those in other literary societies, and are carried out with wonderful interest. Its constitution provides that at a final celebration, three beautiful gold medals be given to the best declaimer, orator, and debater, respectively. The contests for these medals bring out the best material of the society and develop many new men. There are often five or six contestants in the final trial, for each medal, who speak before three impartial judges.

May the reader glean from the above a clearly defined idea of the society's history and internal workings. It is now, although of great age, in good condition. That it may go on increasing in prosperity and usefulness is the wish of us all.

J. C. B.









# A VAMPIRE HOP.



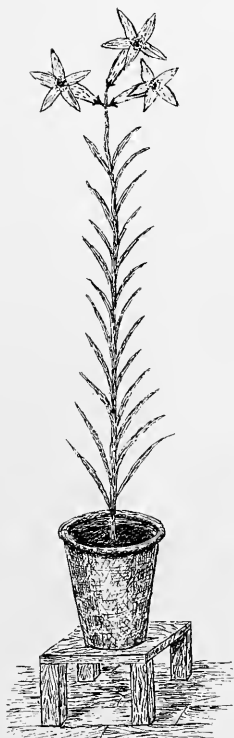
# THE GERMAN CLUB

S. J. HURT . . . . .	PRESIDENT
LE ROY ROPER	ASSISTANT LEADERS
A. M. SHIPP	
E. L. MCGILL	
G. P. MARROW	
W. W. BALLARD, JR. . . . .	CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE
A. D. HAMILTON	COMMITTEE
T. MILTON	
H. BRUCE	
H. STOCKDELL	
J. C. BAIRD	
R. L. DOBIE	

## Members.

A. F. Ryland	F. S. Hereford	G. A. Derbyshire
F. Phinizy	L. J. Worthington	V. E. McBee
S. Foster	A. C. Crump	K. Payne
C. F. Harrison	H. L. Percivall	W. D. Scott
J. T. Morton	P. C. Harding	J. W. Yates
P. B. Locker	W. B. Sayers, Jr.	M. E. Locke
A. T. Lincoln	G. P. Hawes, Jr.	A. Moreno
T. M. Fendall	H. G. Ellett	G. P. Craighill
H. B. Miller	P. H. Montgomery	W. B. Montgomery
M. B. Smith	C. P. Nelson	R. A. Walker
A. C. Freeman, Jr.	N. W. Hubbard	J. V. Walker
C. M. Blackford, Jr.	E. H. Marsteller	J. W. Carroll
J. D. Taylor, Jr.	J. P. Penn	W. A. Blackford
R. C. Marshall, Jr.	F. A. Sullivan	L. W. Langhorne
W. B. Lewis	W. L. Zimmer	H. G. Foote
J. O. Steger	W. M. Gwin	E. S. Berry
W. A. McNiel	D. Otey	G. W. Watson
H. S. Estill	J. A. Venable	

# YMCA



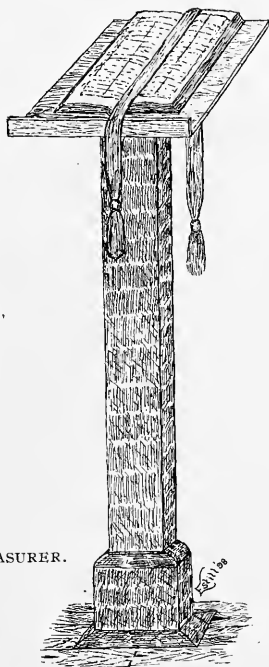
M. M. MILLS,  
PRESIDENT.



G. P. HAWES, JR.,  
VICE-PRESIDENT.



J. H. ADDISON,  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.



## **The Y. M. C. A.**

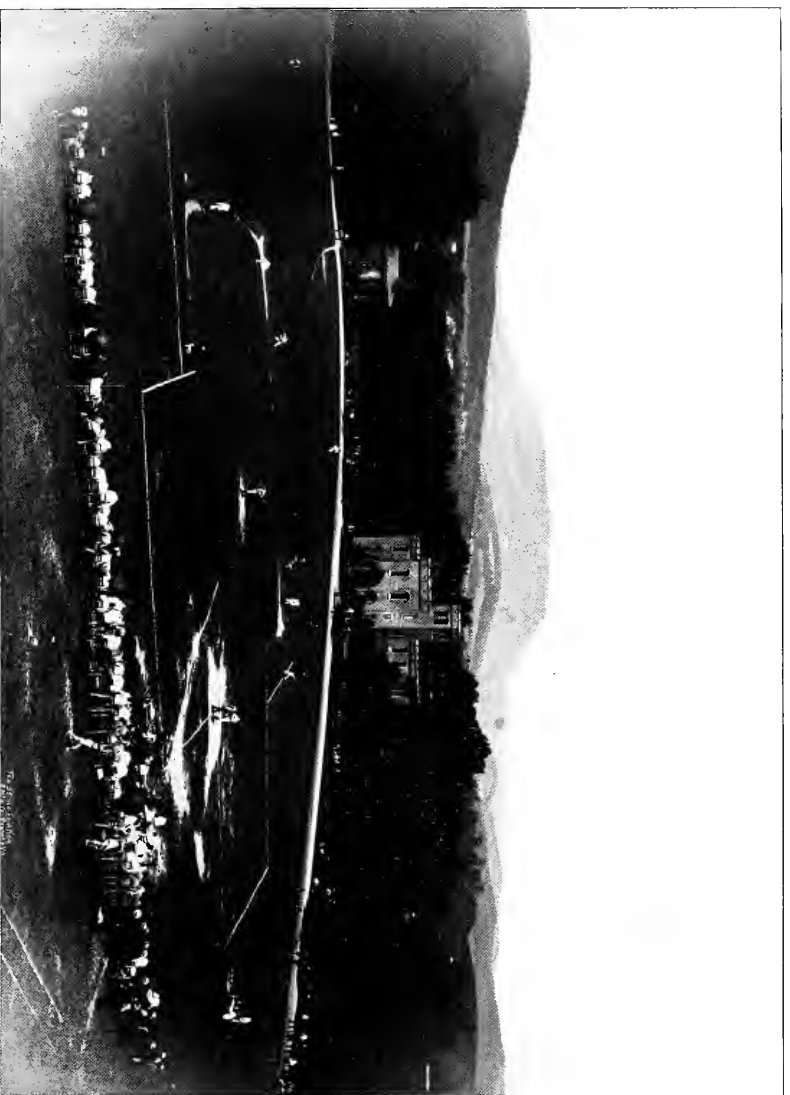
SINCE 1882 the Young Men's Christian Association has been firmly established in the Institute. Like all other similar enterprises, it has had its periods of prosperity and depression; and though at times large difficulties, hard to be overcome, have stood in its way, the means for removing them have always been found, and the results accomplished during the fifteen years of its existence bear indisputable testimony to its real worth.

At each of the State Conventions of latter years this Association has been represented by members chosen for the purpose. Modern ideas and new methods of work were thus constantly obtained, the bond of union with associations of other colleges of the State continually strengthened, and fresh enthusiasm continually awakened in the hearts of those interested in the work.

The Association conducts its work along two main lines—regular religious services, held at stated times, and Bible classes conducted under its auspices by members of the Institute faculty. Three regular meetings are held each week; one of these is conducted by some one of the Lexington ministers, the others by cadets.

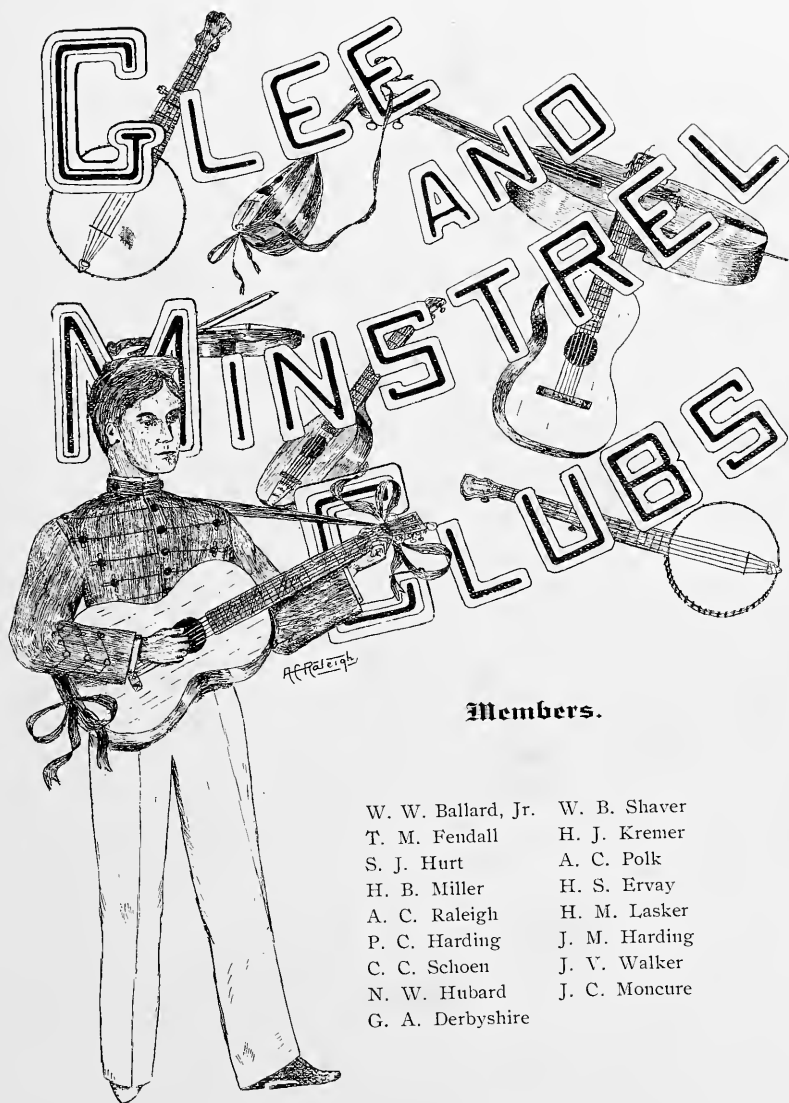
We are greatly indebted to the pastors of the various Lexington churches who have so kindly and so constantly assisted us. The amount of good accomplished by their periodical addresses can by no means be measured by the outward results, and all cadets appreciate their kindly interest and untiring zeal.

In the new Jackson Memorial Hall we have a handsome and spacious apartment set apart exclusively for the uses of the Association. As soon as these can be furnished we shall bid farewell to the unsatisfactory arrangements of "No. 10," which have so long hampered the work of the Association, and hope to begin a new era of usefulness with our entrance into the new quarters.



GAME OF BASEBALL AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS





### Members.

W. W. Ballard, Jr.	W. B. Shaver
T. M. Fendall	H. J. Kremer
S. J. Hurt	A. C. Polk
H. B. Miller	H. S. Ervay
A. C. Raleigh	H. M. Lasker
P. C. Harding	J. M. Harding
C. C. Schoen	J. V. Walker
N. W. Hubbard	J. C. Moncure
G. A. Derbyshire	

## The Glee Club.

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ALTHOUGH the V. M. I. Glee Club is practically in an ineffective state of operation, it is hoped by everyone that it will soon become a thoroughly established organization, and one that all connected with the Institute will be proud of.

Under the guidance of a member of the class of '95, the Glee Club assumed larger proportions than it had ever done before. At that time ('94-95) it consisted of a Quartette, Mandolin, Guitar and Minstrel Club. Two entertainments were given during the year, one in February and the other at the Finals, both being as successful as could be reasonably desired. Great credit is due to those who by their untiring efforts brought about this gratifying result.

In the fall of '95, a majority of the members of the Glee Club of the preceding year having returned, an orchestra, consisting of violins, flutes, clarionets, cornets, 'cello, and piano, was organized. This, no doubt, would have become an orchestra that any school might have been proud of, but owing to the difficulty in securing suitable quarters and the exceedingly small time that could be given to its development, this organization that was intended to have maintained the reputation of the Glee Club passed out of existence.

From the spring to the winter of '96 the Glee Club existed in name only. This inglorious fall was not due to lack of material in the corps, but, probably, to the fact that no one had any time to devote to music.

At present the Glee Club is composed of a full Mandolin and Guitar Club and a Minstrel Club. As we have not yet begun regular practice, it would be unwise to say anything in regard to this last attempt at organization, but we hope that by the Finals we will have the Glee Club on a firm basis and that we may rank high among the glee clubs of Southern schools and colleges.







# POKER CLUB.

Organized, . . . . .	November 11th, 1839.
Whereabouts, . . . . .	Unknown.
Capital, . . . . .	Unknown.
Expenses, . . . . .	Unlimited.

*Colors* : OLD GOLD, FREE SILVER, AND LONG GREEN.

## Song.

Take back the heart thou gavest,  
And all his hopefulness fades,  
For what possible use can it be to one  
With a bob-tail flush in spades.

CHORUS (by all) : Ante up, Le Roy.

## Members.

Jack-pot Joe, . . . . .	Dealer of the "papes."
Straight-flush Skeeter, . . . . .	Opener of the pot.
Ace-high Hugo, . . . . .	Keeper of the kitty.
Parsimonious Thompson, . . . . .	Professional shark.
Angelic Arthur, . . . . .	Globe snatcher.
Soft-thing Shoat, . . . . .	Cork puller.
Hallelujah Alex, . . . . .	Julep mixer.
Rowdy Ranchbottom, . . . . .	Doorkeeper.
Light-pocket Le Roy, . . . . .	Jonah.

## Ex-Members.

Dead-broke Dago.	Two-shy Jimmie.	Dexterous Dexter.
	Hard-up Harry.	

## Property.

One door curtain (red blanket), one beer bottle, one pack of greasy cards, two burnt matches, and one cigar stump.



## Matrimonial Club.

HUGO BYRON MILLER,  
PRESIDENT.

H. BYRON MILLER,  
VICE-PRESIDENT.

HUGO B. MILLER,  
SECRETARY.

H. B. MILLER,  
TREASURER.

### Applicants for Admission:

E. L. McGill.  
Le Roy Roper.

W. B. Sayers.  
J. P. Harman.

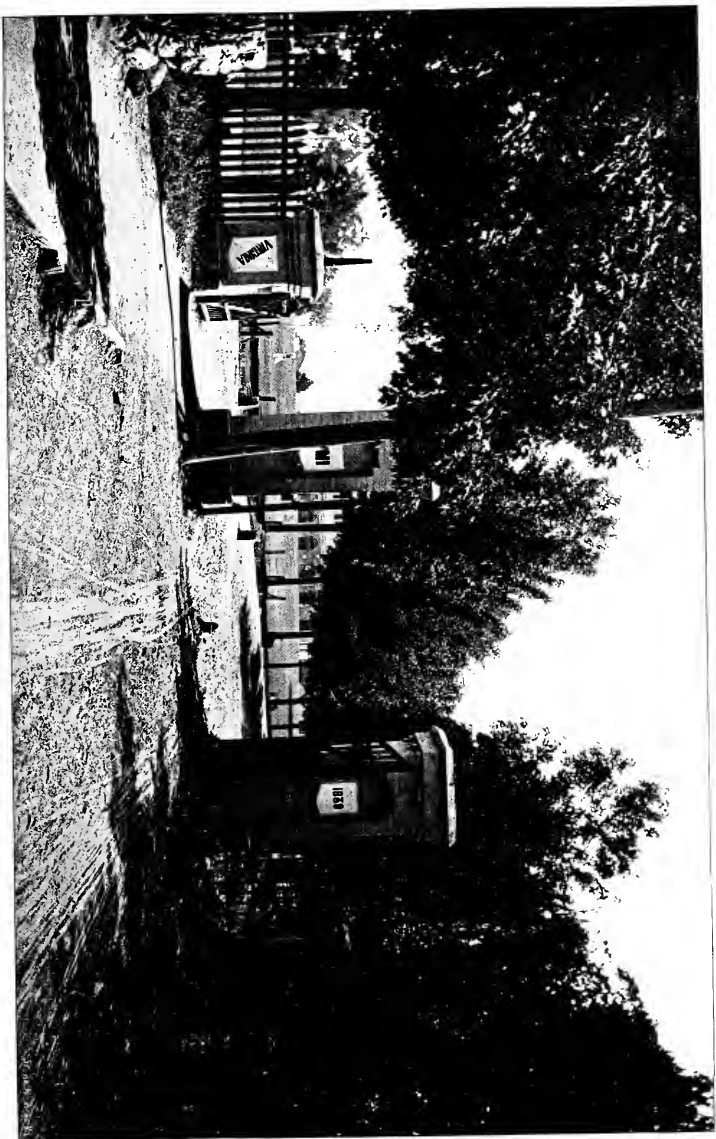
V. E. McBee.  
Andrew Pizzini.

### The Following need not Apply:

Alex. D. Hamilton.  
Jimmie Allderdice.  
T. S. Inglesby.

Sidney Foster.  
S. J. Hurt.

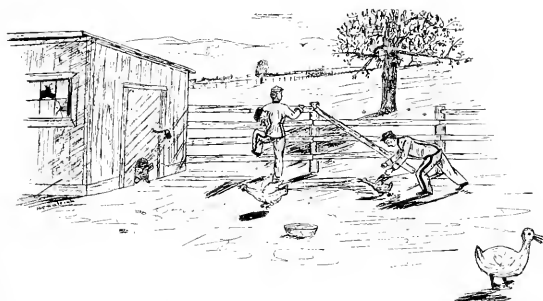
H. G. Foote.  
Ferdinand Phinizy.



LIMIT GATE LOOKING INWARD



# HUNT CLUB.



*Colors :* WHITE DUCK AND BUFF COCHIN.

*Motto :* WE LIVE BY FOWL MEANS.

*Banquet Day :* SUNDAY.

## Members.

Strategic Peyton,	.	.	.	.	.	.	Game Stalker.
Pillaging John,	.	.	.	.	.	.	Picker of the Birds.
Sure Foot Jim,	.	.	.	.	.	.	Path Finder.
Dead Shot Dick,	.	.	.	.	.	.	Game Carrier.
Reconnoitering Buck,	.	.	.	.	.	.	Topographical Expert.

## Ex-Members.

Carniverous Shoat,	.	.	Discharged on account of excessive appetite.
Un-ocular Connelly,	.	.	Dismissal due to visual deficiency.

## Honorary Members.

Tardy Mack,	.	.	.	.	.	Slow, but hot on the trail.
Cautious Bev,	.	.	.	.	.	Legal adviser.

## Hell.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Quack ! Quack ! Quack !

Ducks and chickens,

Slug 'em in the back.



ONE of our efficient chemists (who shall be nameless, however), thinking he had correctly "analyzed" the feelings of a young lady, proceeded to "test" her affection. He found that he had been too "precipitate," and that she had an "affinity" for a "base" rival. The "effervescence" of his hopes has left the "residue" of his nature decidedly "acid."

COLONEL BROOKE, Professor of Physics (to Cadet)—"Well, sir, name another good non-conductor of heat."

CADET (promptly)—"Steam radiators at the V. M. I."

COLONEL PENDLETON, Professor of Chemistry (to Cadet H.)—"What is water composed of?"

CADET H.—"Hydrogen and oxygen."

COLONEL P.—"How is it possible to decompose it?"

CADET H. (promptly)—"Pass it through a filter paper. The hydrogen passes into the filtrate, and oxygen remains as residue."

MISS J. (Dancing with Cadet R.)—"Are you very fond of dancing?"

CADET R.—"Why, ever so much."

MISS J.—"Then why don't you learn?"

FIRST CADET—"Why do you wear shoes with cleats to church?"

SECOND CADET—"To keep from being a backslider."



What is the difference between a sentinel at midnight and a ballistic machine?

One bawls the time, the other times the ball.

Why is the Third Class like a graveyard?

Because it has "corps" in it.

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS (to Cadet M.)—"What is that noise you hear in the steam-pipes early in the morning?"

CADET M. (promptly)—"Imboden beating on them with a sledge-hammer."

The explanation of Cadet R.'s continued excess of demerits lies in the fact, that he is reported for standing in doorway every time he enters his room, on account of his remarkable slowness.

What is the difference between a dead tree and a cadet on furlough?

One has an absence of leaves, and the other a leave of absence.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY (to Cadet H.)—"What form of coal is used in making briquettes?"

CADET H.—"Gaseous, sir."

We often wonder if this is the way our sutler (Krause) makes out his bills.

Five cents and seven cents make fifty-seven cents, multiplied by factor of safter three, one dollar and seventy-one cents, or two dollars in round numbers.

V. M. I. definition of a kiss—A report at headquarters.

Why is barracks like an apple?

It has a corps on the inside.

STEINMILLER (to Cadet M.)—"Why did the boy stand on the burning deck?"

CADET M.—"Why, Steiny?"

STEINY—"Because it was too d—n hot to sit down."

Down on all fours—Running file closers.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH—"Mr. O., is this sentence correct? 'The chicken "poked" his head through the wall.'"

MR. O.—"No, sir. It should be, 'The chicken "poked" his head through *the hole* in the wall.'"

Another good man "gone to the wall."

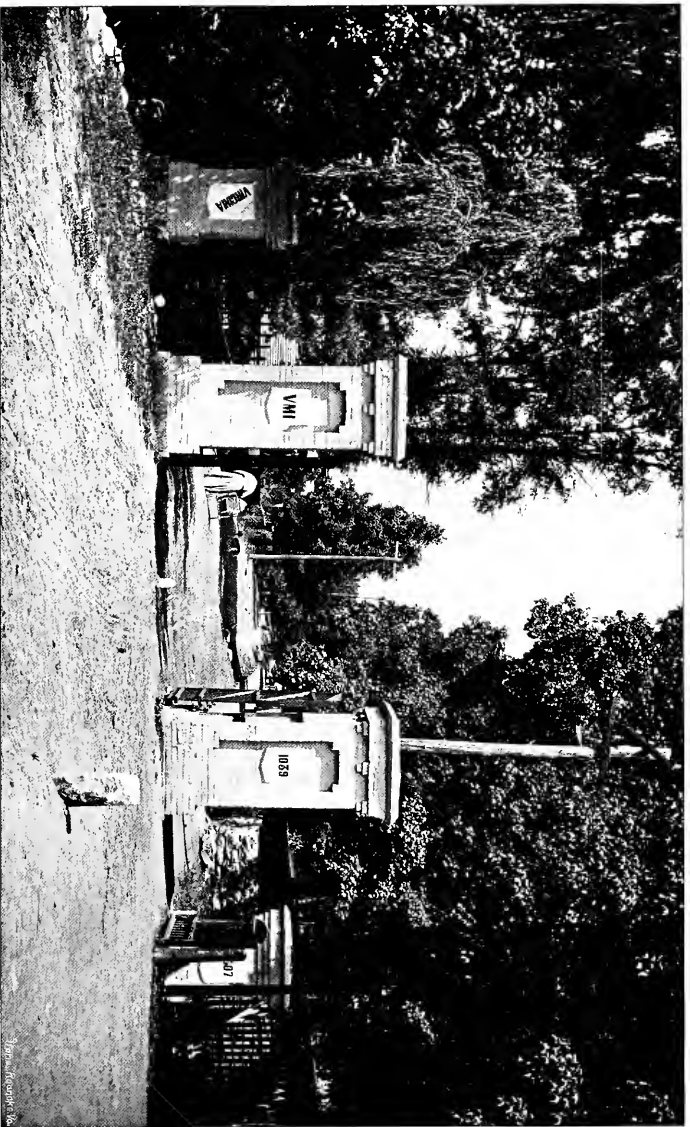
Who is that?

The paperhanger.

Why is the V. M. I. baseball team like primary school-teachers?

They both know how to use the stick.





LIMIT GATE—LOOKING OUTWARD



## The Cadets at New Market.

(ANNIVERSARY, MAY 15TH.)

“Sleeping, but glorious,  
Dead in Fame’s portal,  
Dead, but victorious,  
Dead, but immortal.”

SHE came in the early morning when the sun gave his first kiss to the tops of the trees which shadowed their graves, her arms filled with bloom all fire and snow—flowers such as grew in the old-time gardens of the land they had loved and died for. They were none of her kindred, and many summers had waked joyously and many winters grown drear and hoary since they had been laid to rest, but her tears fell upon the grass green above them.

“Why do you cry, mother?” asked the child clinging to her gown.

“Because of the young lives cut short,” she said, “for they were but boys—boys—and for the mothers that lost them and for the cause they died for—for that was lost, too.”

“And why do you bring the *white* flowers?”

“They stand as emblems of that cause.”

“And why do you lay there the *red* blooms?”

“Because the flowers’ fiery hearts burn like their young valor, and the blood of battles and the wine of remembrance.”

JANEY HOPE MARR.

## Marching Order Preceding Battle of New Market.

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DEPARTMENT, }  
Staunton, Virginia, May 12th, 1864. }

*General Orders No. 1.*

I. The Command will move tomorrow morning promptly at six o'clock on turnpike leading to Harrisonburg.

The following order will be observed :

Wharton's Brigade.

Echols' Brigade.

CADET CORPS.

Reserve Forces.

Ambulance and medical wagons.

Trains.

II. The Artillery will, for the present, be united and form a Battalion under command of Major McLaughlin.

*By command of Major-General Breckinridge,*

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON,  
*A. A. G.*

A copy:

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, September 22d, 1896.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, }  
Rude's Hill, May 16th, 1864. }

*Lieutenant-Colonel S. Shipp, Commanding Corps of Cadets :*

I have directed Captain Catlett to call upon you for a report of the operations of your command yesterday in the battle of New Market. I cannot refrain, Colonel, in this unofficial manner, from expressing to you my high admiration of the conduct of your noble boys in the fierce conflict of

yesterday, and my deep sympathy with you all on account of the many casualties which I understand you will have to record. I shall always be proud to have had you and your corps under my command. No man ever had a more gallant band. Nobly have you illustrated the history of your State and the Institution which you have represented.

I am, Colonel, most truly,

(Signed) JOHN ECHOLS,  
*Brigadier-General Commanding First Brigade.*

HEADQUARTERS OF VALLEY DISTRICT, }  
New Market, May 16th, 1864. }

*Colonel:*

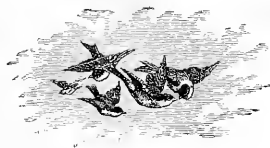
I am directed by Major-General Breckinridge to convey, in parting with the corps of cadets, to you and to them, his thanks for the important services you have rendered. He desires, also, to express his admiration for their meritorious conduct as exhibited by their soldierly bearing on the march and for their distinguished gallantry on the field.

With sentiments of high personal regard, I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON,  
*Major and Adjutant.*

COLONEL SCOTT SHIPP, Commanding Corps of Cadets.



## Our Houdon's Washington.

MANY old cadets believe that the "expression of surprise" upon the face of our Houdon's statue of Washington first dawned there when he was ruthlessly torn from his pedestal by Hunter's orders, and the "lips compressed" themselves when, upon his return after the war, he determined to pass the rest of his days in watching over father, son and grandson as they pass through the arch to their class parades; to look stern as they dash through and "just skin a late," and to let a smile illumine his features as he steps from his high position to keep company with a lonesome sentinel, whose stentorian tones announce "t-w-e-l-v-e o'-c-l-o-c-k and a-l-l—'s w-e-l-l," while *he* knows that someone has spiked the old French guns beside him.

But a recent writer in *Harper's Weekly* and the *Baltimore Sun* says: "The greatest treasure in the collection of colonial relics in the new library at Richmond is the marble statue of Washington by Houdon. It possesses the merit of being the only effigy that remains of Washington that was actually taken from life. The statue conveys a very distinct idea of Washington, different in many respects, however, from the familiar portraits which for the most part are copies of the same original. In 1784, five years before the adoption of the federal constitution, the General Assembly of Virginia ordered this statue.

"When the statue was provided for, Thomas Jefferson happened to be in Paris, and he engaged Houdon as the sculptor because, as he afterwards said, 'He is without a rivalship, the first statuary of his age, as the proof of which he received orders from every country for things intended to be capital.' Houdon received one thousand English guineas, a trifle over \$5,000. Besides, the expense of the journey from France to Virginia was paid, and his life was insured during his absence from France at the cost of the General Assembly. Houdon left Paris in August, 1785. In October he reached Mount Vernou. He was treated with great consideration by Washington until the formality of his first meeting wore away. Houdon made





THE ARCH.



known no desire to get to work at the statue, and it is believed that Washington's hospitality grew a trifle cold before the sculptor really set about the work for which he had come over the sea. One morning, while the family, of which Houdon had become temporarily a member, was seated at breakfast a message was brought to Washington informing him that a pair of carriage horses had been brought for his inspection, he having made known his desire to purchase a team. Washington left the table presently and went outside. Houdon followed. After a moment's close inspection Washington asked the price of the animals.

"'One thousand dollars,' was the reply.

"'One thousand dollars!' said Washington, in amazement.

"'Ah, I 'ave him! I 'ave him!' broke in Houdon, gleefully. He hurried away and began work on the statue industriously; and so it is supposed that the expression preserved on the statue at Richmond is the one that appeared on the face of Washington when he learned of what he considered an exorbitant price for the span of horses. With the knowledge of this little incident, in seeing the statue, it is not hard to believe that Houdon 'had him' in truth, and kept him, for there is an expression of surprise on the face and the lips are compressed. It seems that Houdon, after he got the inspiration he had been waiting for, pursued the work faithfully, gaining Washington's interest and good-will by his perseverance and industry."

Our Houdon bears this inscription :

Fait par Houdon Citoyen Francais, 1788.

W. T. Hubbard's Foundery, Richmond, 1856.



## Our Faculty.

---

“O I.D Billy” is L. L. D.,  
The pride of the corps is he;  
His writing is awful,  
’Tis almost unlawful,  
And as for his voice, “Eh!” “Eh!”

Our Professor of Physics, “Mike” Brooke,  
Somewhat of a sea-sounding crook;  
Our lesson today  
A lecture, he’ll say,  
And “read what it says in the book.”

“Old Bobby,” good natured and sleek,  
Who drawls in a manner so meek,  
Just look in Dubois—  
“Keep quiet, Le Roy”—  
And “Rosser” for home has to “leak.”

Of “Tommy” we think very much,  
He teaches us French and Dutch,  
And “Hockey’s” French colts  
Are not all big dolts,  
Though Tommy may deem them as such.

There is a Professor H. P.,  
The pride of the Lab. is he;  
With a sanctified look,  
He says, “Take the whole book,  
It’s as easy as A, B, C.”

In calling on you he's exact,  
A "3" he'll never retract;  
His manners are mild,  
But you'll render him wild  
If you chance to address him as "Rat."

Bev. Tucker, B. S., C. E.,  
In Chemical Lab. you may see,  
Performing with skill,  
Experiments at will,  
And expounding of Dana, J. D.

Our Professor of Math. is "Old Nick,"  
His lectures would make a goat sick,  
He lectures all day  
In a wonderful way,  
And imagines himself something slick.

There's "Davy," our new Commandant,  
Oh, you just ought to hear him rant;  
He talks of "The Point,"  
'Til his tongue's out of joint,  
And oft of the hook does he cant.

Of the "Subs" there is not much to say,  
They do very well in their way;  
But they don't "weigh" much,  
And that's plain Dutch,  
So we'll leave them out for today.

T. M., '97.



A  
study not



mentioned  
in the Catalogue



"FANCY," OR "LITTLE SORREL,"

Lt -Gen. T. J. Jackson's War Horse

GEN. T. J. JACKSON fell from the back of "Little Sorrel" (as the horse was affectionately named by the Second Corps), at Chancellorsville mortally wounded, after riding him safely through the battles of First Manassas, Kernstown, McDowell, Winchester. Port Republic, Cross Keys on the Chickahominy, at Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg, and at last at Chancellorsville. After General Jackson was wounded the horse escaped into the Federal lines, and was recaptured the next morning by the Second Corps under command of J. E. B. Stuart.

o



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CELEBRATIONS

G.F.P.



## THE FINALS.

---

“ALL things come to him that waits.” Yes, verily the old maxim is true, for Final Week has come at last. This waiting, however, has not been that which the lounge enjoys. For months we have had a continuous round of drills, parades, and reviews. “Old Sol” has thrown his burning rays upon us more than once, to which our tan faces will bear testimony. Yet we have not labored in vain; for now that the Final Week is here, we will be fully recompensed. Old Math. and grim Chemistry have been thrown aside for employments more fascinating if not so instructive.

The dignified First Class-man, with his air of self-importance, soon to combat with the world; the Second Class-man, trying in vain to hide his anxiety concerning that eventful day when he will don those precious “Blues”; the Third Class-man, though feigning nonchalance, still concerned about the matter; and last, but not least, the Fourth Class-man, who already begins to put on the swagger of an old cadet—all await this eventful week.

Our fair friends, hailing from numerous States, are present in great numbers. They are to be seen either promenading on the walk that encircles the parade ground, or watching with interest our drills and parades. Their presence naturally inspires the cadet, and thus his duties become a pleasure instead of a task.

We are in camp. The white walls of our tents plainly indicate this. After being in camp a few days we soon accustom ourselves to our cramped quarters, and you must remember the cadet is famous for adapting himself to his surroundings. We are quartered three in a tent, necessary articles being stored away as neatly as possible. Still things get mixed to a certain extent, and it is not an unusual sight to see cadets arrayed in each other's apparel when the last tune of “Rev.” is beating.

The opening event of the week takes place tonight. The military Adonis is all alert making his toilet by means of a solitary candle and broken mirror. He borrows what things he lacks from his neighbor, and prepares

himself to make an impression on his best "calic," who has arrived upon the scene of action.

First on the programme is a "hop." Everyone enters into the dance with zeal, the dancers seeming never to tire. Well, at last the musicians play "Home, Sweet Home," but not until the cock with his shrill clarion has announced the approach of morn. Everyone leaves reluctantly, voting the "hop" a great success. Having escorted his fair friend home, the cadet strolls languidly into camp, and throws himself exhausted on his couch. He is soon aroused by the shrill notes of "Rev." He stretches his lazy form and possibly says "taking it." If, however, he is "running," he springs up with elasticity and rushes to roll-call. "Rev." over, all rush back to straighten up their tents for morning inspection. If luck is with you and you have a "rat" in your tent, of course this disagreeable job falls to him. Breakfast follows inspection. Then comes "Troop," when all the orders for the day are read. Following "Troop" comes a drill of some description, which consumes the remainder of the morning. Dinner follows, then drills are renewed, and the day closes with dress parade. This is briefly our daily routine in camp, showing that camp life has its trials as well as its pleasures.

The athlete will hold full sway tonight at the opera house, for the Gymnasium team gives its annual exhibition. The many "Ohs" uttered unconsciously by the beautiful ones prove conclusively that the athlete's fame is as bright as ever. The exhibition is satisfactory in every way, and everyone retires showering praises upon the participants.

On the next day come the Society Celebrations. The declaimer for the evening is handsome. All eyes, especially those of the fair sex, are fixed upon him, and his looks if not his recitation are praised. The orator follows telling us in quivering voice our duties as American citizens, and the evening is closed with the presentation of the medals to the successful contestants.

The night following these celebrations, Camp Davis is "At Home" to its friends. The company streets are brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and the camp is enlivened with music.

The day following "Camp Illumination," all tents are put in readiness to be lowered; at the sound of the bugle all fall together, and camp is struck. We march back to Barracks to the tune of "Dixie," all hailing with delight the prospect of enjoying again the comforts of a cot and mattress.

Then comes the night of the Final German. The opening figure, the event of the night, is composed entirely of the graduating class. This figure ended, the dancing becomes general. Light comes streaming in through the windows before the dance ends. At last the German is over, and all leave praising the leader and everything connected with the affair.

All institutions are rated according to the stand their Alumni take in the world. The Institute in this respect may well be proud, for her graduates have been exceedingly fortunate in capturing honors of every description. Therefore, the Alumni Association is an important factor, and naturally the Alumni Banquet which follows the German, creates no little interest. Here are gathered graduates of every description, the old veteran and the beardless youth, all mingle together, for the love of the old Institute never dies. The graduating class are the only cadets who attend. Toasts are made, old class songs are sung, and all review their cadet days once more. Many are the anecdotes told, bringing forth peals of laughter, which are heard throughout the banquet. At last, the night having been far spent, all rise, join hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne." Ere the refrain of the old song dies out, the Institute yell is given, thus making an appropriate ending for an affair which is enjoyed by all.

Then comes last day of the Finals. Of course, all cadets are particularly interested in this day, as each and every one has his interest at stake, as the distribution of offices for the ensuing year will be read out on the "Hill."

In the morning we are formed under arms, marched to the mess hall, arms are stacked and we file into the hall. The Valedictorian of the graduating class gives a brief history of his class, then "honors" are announced and medals presented. The ceremonies are closed with the presentation of the diplomas to the graduating class. The Battalion is re-formed in front of the mess-hall and we march to the parade ground, some of us for the last time. Then the command is "stack arms," "parade rest!" the band "sounds off" with "Auld Lang Syne," the promotions are read, and the corps is "dismissed."

Those who have succeeded in capturing the coveted offices are surrounded by their less fortunate friends and given an informal initiation with the bayonet scabbard. The newly made officers, escaping from the melee, rush down to the tailor's with their precious chevrons, so that they will be able to show to the world their rank. This scene brings a smile to the faces of old graduates

present, as it recalls similar scenes in which they themselves had been actors years ago.

The Final Ball is the closing event of the week. The climax is reached in this the last effort of the cadet to display his genius as an entertainer. No effort is spared to make this ball a success. The dancers are late in gathering, it being near eleven when the president and his chosen marshals arrive. All are arrayed in officers' full "dike." The booming of the cannon is heard, and, at a given signal from the president, the opening figure is begun. The chaperons are first saluted. Then various manœuvres are executed with precision and accuracy. Swords are drawn and an arch is formed, through which the several partners of the officers forming the figure pass. After the opening figure all are permitted to join the dance.

At midnight the graduating class is called together for the last time to answer to the final roll-call. Indeed, it is affecting to see these strong fellows give way to their feelings. But for four years they have lived in the intimacy of brothers, and to sever these ties now calls forth all the courage and fortitude they possess.

Supper is served later on. An efficient caterer having had charge of the supper, it is unnecessary to say that this feature of the Final Ball is as thoroughly enjoyed as the others have been. The band strikes up the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and with the last note there is a tear, a sigh, and a fond good-bye. At last, the Finals are ended. W. B. S. JR., '98.





PREPARING FOR DRESS PARADE  
JACKSON MEMORIAL HALL

MESS HALL  
EVENING GUN



## CALENDAR

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE EIGHTEENTH, AT NINE O'CLOCK,

**Opening Hop.**

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE NINETEENTH, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

**Society Celebration.**

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-FIRST, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

**Gymnasium Exhibition,**

**Hop.**

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-SECOND, NINE-THIRTY O'CLOCK,

**Final German.**

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-THIRD,

**Alumni Banquet.**

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH, AT TEN O'CLOCK,

**Final Ball.**





## **Society Celebration**

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE NINETEENTH,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

J. C. BAIRD . . . PRESIDENT DIALECTIC SOCIETY  
C. F. HARRISON . . . PRESIDENT CADET SOCIETY

ORATIONS

DECLAMATIONS

AWARD OF MEDALS







# THE FINAL BALL

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

J. D. TAYLOR, JR.	PRESIDENT
R. C. MARSHALL, JR.	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. B. SAYERS, JR.	CHIEF MARSHAL
H. G. ELLETT	CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE

## Marshals:

C. P. NELSON

N. W. HUBARD

E. H. MARSTELLER

T. A. JONES

A. C. CRUMP

W. A. MCNIEL

J. P. PENN

H. S. ESTILL

## THE FINAL BALL.

It is the last night of the Commencement Celebration. The Society Celebration, the Minstrels, the Gymnasium Exhibition, the German, and all of the other entertainments have passed off with their usual success and enjoyment. Now only remains the Ball, that crowning event, whose stateliness and brilliancy cause a quickening of the pulse of the upper classman, and make the poor rat bow down in awe and amazement while wondering at its magnificence.

The Ball is here, and by what a diversity of feeling is it accompanied! Some are radiantly happy, as it is the night on which they shall glide through the dreamy measures of the waltz with their sweethearts; others, because it marks their first appearance in the splendor of an officer's full dress.

But it is with a feeling of sadness that the first classman casts aside his military dress and forever bids farewell to that "old gray coat" around which such a network of associations are woven—some of them, it may be, unpleasant, bringing up as they do reminiscences of those frequent reluctant visits to that little office in the arch where punishment is meted out with such a lavish hand. And so it is with an unwonted heaviness of heart that he dons his dress suit, consoled only by the thought that he will be duly admired and flattered by the "Lexington girls," who, for decades, have been familiar with brass buttons and lace.

When the dancing begins, it may be noticed that the graduating class, who, for the past year have been the society lions and heroes, have turned over their popularity, with their blue uniform, to the succeeding class. The members of this class are now at their zenith, and are more than willing to bask in the smiles of the girls who invariably show a weakness toward the first classmen.

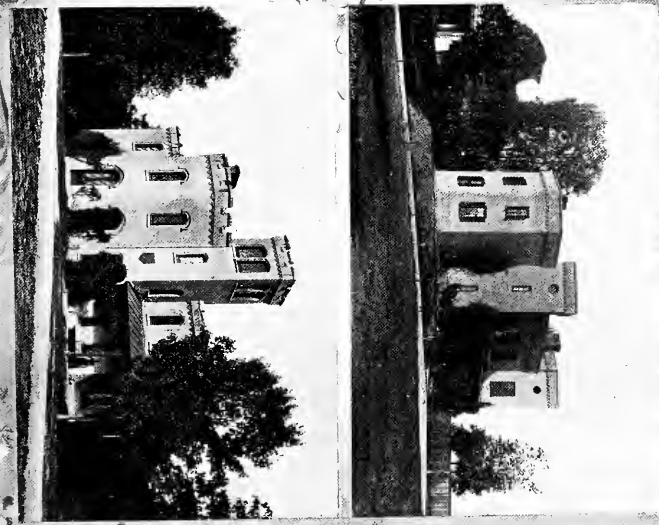
As the night passes on with dances and gayeties, there is suddenly heard the thundering report of a cannon, which, to the uninitiated, is a source of great alarm, but their fear is wonderfully dispelled when they learn that this merely heralds the approach of supper, which by this time is very acceptable to all. Ere the echo of the cannon has died away, the bugle sounds the

assembly and the graduating class forms line in the middle of the hall, where the roll is called by the class President. This scene is always very touching, for it is the last time that the class will ever appear side by side. After the roll is called, the band sounds off with "Auld Lang Syne," and another class is launched forth, probably not to meet for years, perhaps never. Amid this pathetic scene the "rats" are seen to dance with joy, as they recognize the familiar tune to which they drop their tails.

After the supper is over, dancing is re-commenced with renewed vigor and carried on 'til the "wee sma' hours" begin to grow large. At five o'clock the old tune, "Home, Sweet Home," which one is so loth to hear, is started. But there is an end to all things, as is impressively shown by the deep voice of the cannon that announces the Ball to be over. Thus the joys and sorrows of another year are at end.

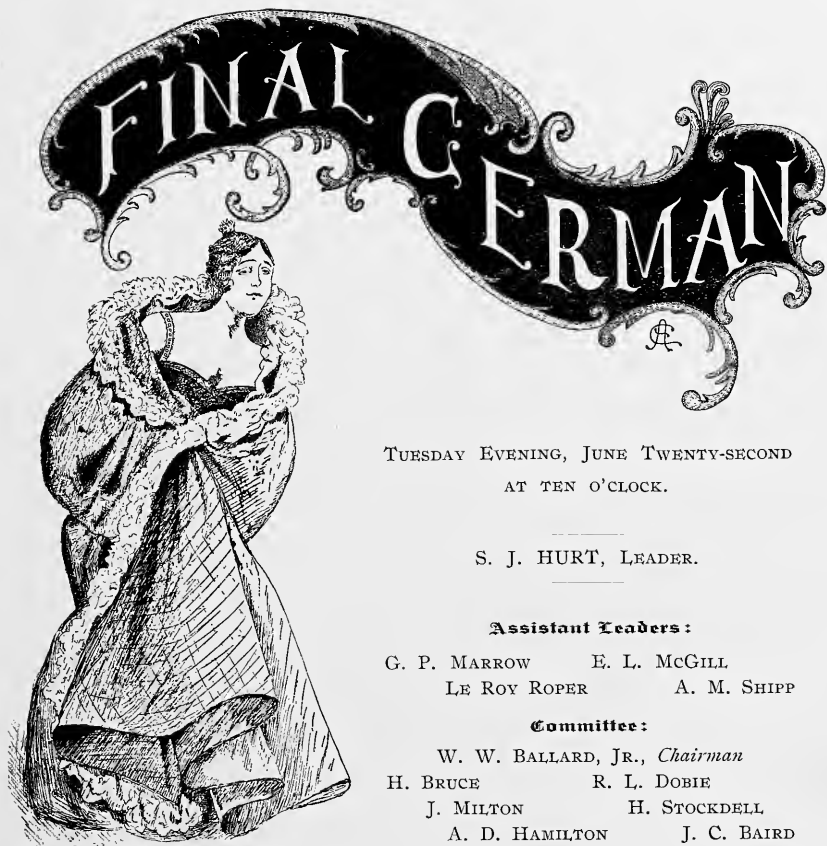
A. M. S.





OFFICERS' QUARTERS.





TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-SECOND  
AT TEN O'CLOCK.

---

S. J. HURT, LEADER.

---

**Assistant Leaders:**

G. P. MARROW	E. L. MCGILL
LE ROY ROPER	A. M. SHIPP

**Committee:**

W. W. BALLARD, JR.,	<i>Chairman</i>
H. BRUCE	R. L. DOBIE
J. MILTON	H. STOCKDELL
A. D. HAMILTON	J. C. BAIRD



**I**N CONCLUSION, we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness. First, to Captain W. T. Voorhies, for the deep and sincere interest which he has shown, and for valuable suggestions and corrections. Secondly, to several of our faculty, friends, and cadets, who, in fact, did everything for us except publish the book; and, thirdly, to our advertisers, without whose financial aid we could have done nothing. We trust that all our subscribers will extend to them their liberal patronage.



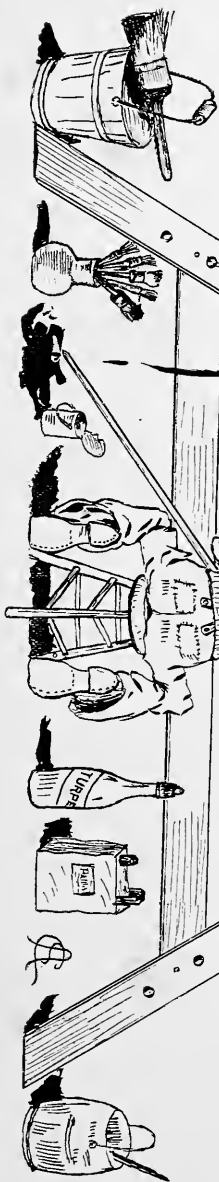
# INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
Advertisers . . . . .	165	Glee and Minstrel Clubs . . . . .	123
Advertisements . . . . .	167	Gymnasium . . . . .	155
Alumni . . . . .	37	Hunt Club . . . . .	129
Athletic Officers . . . . .	92	In Conclusion . . . . .	162
Athletics . . . . .	95	Jackson-Hope Medalists . . . . .	40
Baseball Team . . . . .	102	Jackson's Horse . . . . .	145
Board of Editors . . . . .	8	Jokes . . . . .	130
Cadets at New Market . . . . .	135	Long Farewell to the V. M. I. (Poem) . . . . .	43
Calendar . . . . .	153	Matrimonial Club . . . . .	126
Class of '97 . . . . .	46	Marching Order Preceding Battle of New Market . . . . .	136
Alphabet . . . . .	55	Old Mississippi, the Terror of the V. M. I. . . . .	86
First-Class Story, A, . . . . .	54	Our Faculty . . . . .	142
History . . . . .	50	Our Houdon's Washington . . . . .	138
Table . . . . .	49	Pledge . . . . .	88
Class of '98 . . . . .	56	Poker Club . . . . .	125
History . . . . .	59	Prank of the Mollies, A . . . . .	89
Class of '99 . . . . .	61	Recapitulation by States . . . . .	70
History . . . . .	62	Society Celebrations . . . . .	154
Class of 1900 . . . . .	66	Stayed a Mob's Vengeance . . . . .	21
History . . . . .	69	Virginia Dialectic Society . . . . .	113
Corps in Richmond, The . . . . .	22	Virginia Military Institute—	
Daughter of His Right Hand, The . . . . .	25	Academic Staff . . . . .	15
Dedication . . . . .	4	Battalion Organization . . . . .	34
Dream, A . . . . .	73	Chronicle . . . . .	87
Editorial . . . . .	7	Colors, Yell . . . . .	11
Football—Team of '96 . . . . .	98	Historical Sketch . . . . .	16
Previous Teams . . . . .	101	Officers . . . . .	12
Final Ball . . . . .	156	Volck's Statuette, The . . . . .	18
Final German . . . . .	161	Ye Atlanta Trip . . . . .	83
Finals . . . . .	146	Y. M. C. A. . . . .	119
First Day's Life at the V. M. I. . . . .	77		
German Club . . . . .	118		

## ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE		PAGE
Athletics . . . . .	93	General Francis H. Smith . . . . .	5
Baseball Team . . . . .	101	Gymnasium . . . . .	105
Battalion of Cadets . . . . .	35	In Lighter Vein . . . . .	71
Board of Editors . . . . .	9	Limit Gate Looking Inward . . . . .	127
Cadet Barracks (Front View) . . . . .	2	Limit Gate Looking Outward . . . . .	133
Cadet Room Ready for Inspection . . . . .	85	Poker Club . . . . . Opp.	125
Cadet Society, 1897 . . . . .	115	Study Not Mentioned in the Catalogue . . . . .	144
Camp Scenes . . . . .	75-81	Tennis Club . . . . .	109
Class of '97 . . . . .	47	The Arch . . . . .	139
" '98 . . . . .	57	V. M. I. Hop . . . . .	117
" '99 . . . . .	63	V. M. I. Views—	
" 1900 . . . . .	67	Buildings . . . . .	151
Clubs . . . . .	110	Cadet Barracks (Front) . . . . .	2
Dialectic Society . . . . .	111	Camp Scenes . . . . .	75-81
Faculty, The . . . . .	13	Lexington from Barracks . . . . .	41
Final Celebrations . . . . .	146	Officers' Quarters . . . . .	159
Football Team . . . . .	99	Volck's Statuette of Lee . . . . .	19
Game of Baseball and Officers' Quarters . . . . .	121		

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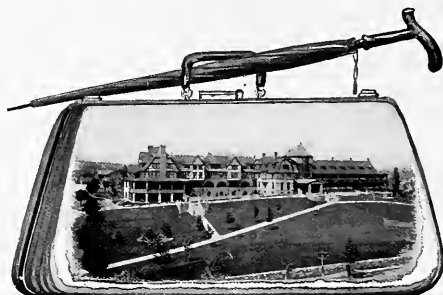
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